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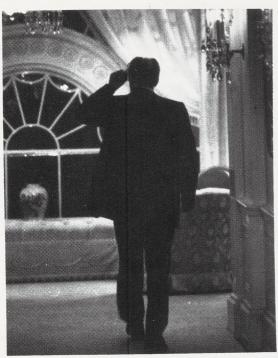
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Coming or Going... beginning to end...

Newsweek gets the story—and the pictures, too. More editorial color pages than any other newsweekly. Thirty-one awards for journalistic excellence in 1977–12 so far in 1978, including the National Magazine Award. And for the 11th straight year, the newsweekly leader in pages of advertising.

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DATEBILL

Reporters & sources: The eternal journalistic duality. Their's is a relationship fraught with as much apprehension, concern and raw emotion as any romantic liaison—and sometime more, as when the stakes involve a blockbuster story that could change history and win them both high honors. Not for nothing, then, is the language of love applied to this unique journalistic relationship: Sources (or, occasionally, reporters) are "courted," "wined-and-dined," "stroked," and "seduced" (one could add "pumped," if one were so inclined); this is often followed by a "falling out," or the sources "going cold" on the reporters.

It is the intensity, and the fact that no two reporter-source relationships are precisely alike, that makes this one of the most enduringly fascinating and surprising facets of journalism. The relationship has served as the focal-point for numerous front-page dramas of stage, screen and fiction, and has been analyzed repeatedly by press critics from Johnson to Liebling.

So why pick this particular time to devote an issue of DATE-LINE to the theme of the reporter-source relationship? Because it seemed to the editors of PLAYBOY, who were invited to produce DATELINE '78, that in the past year a number of varied and dramatic cases have arisen which have the reporter-source relationship at their core and which raise important questions regarding the ethics of news-gathering. These cases were not necessarily new and/or different within their general parameters; but their particulars did speak to the times as concerns contemporary trends in personal lifestyles, government intelligence operations, the human-rights movement, celebrity journalism, organized crime, professional sports and the renewed emphasis on investigative reporting.

One major case in this skein involved a political reporter at the *Philadelphia Inquirer* who was found to have been having an affair, complete with exchange of expensive gifts, with a prominent Philadelphia politician at a time when the politician and his allies were the most important subjects of the reporter's daily coverage. Subsequently the affair was exhaustively reported by the *Inquirer* itself, and the reporter was forced to resign from her new position with *The New York Times'* Washington bureau. Was this a matter of simple indiscretion, or a serious violation of journalistic ethics? In *The Foreman Affair*. New York writer **Judy Oppenheimer** explains the history of the Laura Foreman-Buddy Cianfrani controversy and analyzes the issues that were raised in its exposition and resolution.

Another complex reporter-source case occurred last year in Chicago when a daily newspaper, in cooperation with the local Better Government Association, purchased a neighborhood bar, staffed it with reporters and photographers, and reported on the graft and corruption that ensued. To many in the newspaper business this action came dangerously close to having reporters solicit news, rather than simply report it, as **Deirdre Carmody** reports in *The Chicago Sun-Times Buys a Bar*, which appeared originally in *The New York Times*. As a sidebar to the Carmody piece, **Thomas Griffith**, in a reprint from his *Time* magazine "News Watch" column, analyzes *The Haldeman-Book Caper*; in this controversial case, *The Washington Post* acquired and published excerpts from H. R. Haldeman's *The Ends of Power*—a book which other media had paid to serialize.

Washington is also the locale of **Art Buchwald's** whimsical If You Give Me Your Olive, I'll Give You The World, in which the crack Capital news-hound proposes that the city's real news can be found between the lines of the cocktail-party reports. Lovers of amusements might also want to check out The Deep-Throat Puzzle, in which we invite readers to put the final piece in the jigsawed picture of the most famous source of our times.

When Nicholas Gage was covering organized crime for *The New York Times*, his Deep Throats ran the risk of winding up as Slit Throats; another problem which Gage relates in his exclusive report, *The Mafia Beat*, was that, while the Cosa Notras were very generous guys, the *Times* had a rigid policy prohibiting















BLOUNT

BASSITY

ASTRACHAN

reporters from accepting gifts from sources. Dissidents in the Soviet Union are mostly generous with their information and friendship, and this can create unique problems for the Western correspondent in Moscow, as ex-Washington Post reporter Anthony Astrachan relates in Round Pegs In Red Square.

Elsewhere in DATELINE: Two other former *Post* reporters, **Ken Cummins** and **Lois Romano** recount the shadowy recent history of relations between the CIA and American news media, in *Spooks In The Newsroom; Sports Illustrated* vet **Roy Blount Jr.** comes out of left-field with his perceptive commentary on modern sports coverage, *How Can A Sportswriter Avoid Being A Fan?*; **Barbara Cady** visits Rona Barrett to discuss the unique problems that ABC's resident gossip faces in handling her celebrity sources; and **John Hughes** provides a *Dateline Advisor* especially tailored to foreign correspondents.

Finally, we are proud to present **Matt Bassity**'s stirring *President's Message* on the press's role as a foe of tyranny and oppression, a theme which Bassity underscores with his presentation of the OPC President's Award to Donald Woods, the courageous exiled South African editor. The other recipients of *Overseas Press Club Awards* for 1978 are equally deserving and equally esteemed; our congratulations to them, every one.

1978 VOL. 22, NO. 1

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

n my capacity as OPC President and Chairman of the Freedom of the Press Committee, I have tried to use the leverage and prestige of the Overseas Press Club to fight infringement of

press freedom abroad.

Usually this was in the form of a cablegram sent to the head of the government involved. Though there have been occasional instances where we had reason to believe our efforts had prevailed, there never was a direct reply to any message of objection. There were times when it appeared that no one was listening or gave a damn.

But this may not be entirely true. This year's recipient of The President's Award, Donald Woods, wrote in his book *Biko*, that the Vorster regime is highly susceptible to criticism from abroad,

especially from the United States.

Woods points out that criticism from abroad was responsible for relaxation of some of the rules of apartheid in sports and in

the operation of some South African hotels.

When we learned last October that Donald Woods had been need, and that his friend, Percy Qoboza, had been detained inprisoned) and his newspaper, *The World*, had been banned, lowing telegram was sent to Prime Minister John Vorster.

The Overseas Press Club of America and all who support freedom of the press must protest most vigorously your government's detention of Percy Qoboza and Donald Woods and the closing of the newspaper *The World*. Repressive measures such as these failed in India, just as they will fail ultimately in South Africa. We strongly urge that you direct your government to restore freedom of the press and as an indication of good faith, release both men immediately.

Matthew A.R. Bassity

President, Overseas Press Club of America Obviously, the message was only one of many that must have

sent to the prime minister from an outraged world.

nough Woods still is banned, as is Qoboza's newspaper, we can take some satisfaction in that Vorster decided to free Qoboza rather than risk world reaction to yet another death under de-

Under the heading *In Memoriam* Woods lists in his book 45 South African black leaders who have died in detention. "All were imprisoned without trial, charge, prosecution or evidence. All were denied legal representation and access to friends or relatives." The final name on the list is Steve Biko, who died in Pretoria on Sept. 12, 1977. Despite earlier claims by Vorster that Biko had died of a hunger strike, the magistrate at Biko's inquest attributed his death to blows to the head. But the magistrate then decided: "On the available evidence, the death cannot be attributed to an act of omission amounting to a criminal offense on the part of any person."

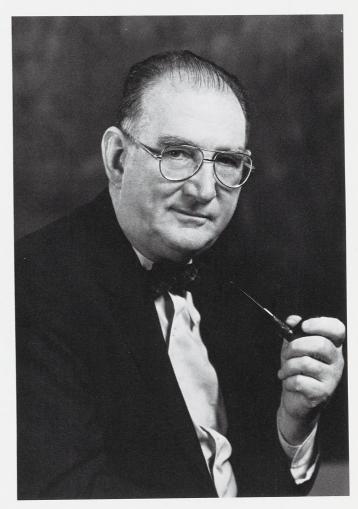
The plain truth is that Steve Biko died from wounds suffered under torture. And that he died lying naked on a mattress on a

stone floor...all alone.

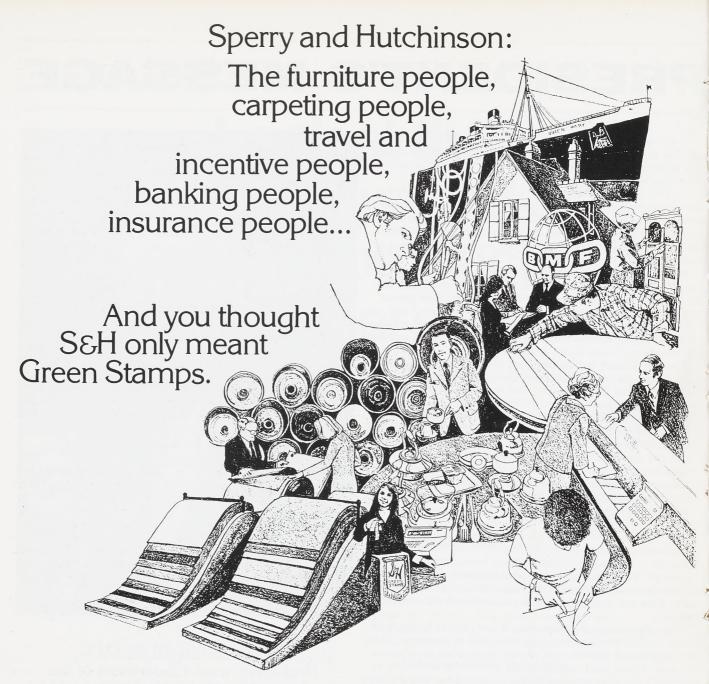
The loss to South Africa is incalculable because Biko was a nan of towering intellect who was filled with the compassion but is sadly lacking among the Vorster people. Instead of leading outh Africa out of the dark ages, Biko died at the age of 30.

Donald Woods and his family are free, though in exile, and Qoboza is out of jail—but the dismal fact remains, freedom of the press is only one of the many rights which we prize and that have disappeared in South Africa. There is little likelihood of their return while Vorster and his Nationalist party are in power.

Copies of *Dateline* are widely distributed to government officials in many countries. An ample supply will be put aside for South African leaders.



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THE DATELINE ADVISOR

wow long should my report be? I've heard of guys filing reports eight, ten, even thirteen-minutes long. I only average about five minutes. Am I abnormal?—D.S., West Germany.

The length of your report has practically nothing to do with the quality of your coverage or the interest of your story. Some correspondents get by with as little as two minutes; some have gone as long as fifteen minutes. You're right around the average.

have been invited to a dinner honoring President Amin. I am unfamiliar with the customs of Uganda. I have heard that Mr. Amin eats with his hands.—T.Y., Kampala, Uganda.

As has become the custom of late in his country, Mr. Amin is most likely to eat with your hands.

Where does one get a raincoat in Calcutta? Every foreign correspondent I've ever seen wears a raincoat and I don't feel that I'm a real correspondent without one. Unfortunately I haven't been able to find one over here.—R.E., Calcutta, India.

Western style raincoats are difficult to find anywhere in India; however, they are not the only acceptable garb for foreign correspondents. Many correspondents prefer the rolled-up sleeves—loosened-collar look. A third alternative is the bush-jacket, which adds a casual air to on-camera reports. Of course, if it's rain protection you seek, for a few cents you can hire a couple dozen Indians to walk beside you and catch the raindrops before they fall on you.

was recently run out of a small mountain village in New Guinea by irate natives while preparing a report on the efforts of Christian missionaries. I am baffled as to what I did to provoke them and I have not dared return to the village for fear of my life. I was only in the village long enough to smoke a cigarette and visit the rest room. Can you help me?—F.P., Perth, Australia.

Although we can not be certain that the report refers to you, we have learned from overseas sources that a man was expelled from a mountain village for violating a burial chamber and dropping a cigarette into a ceremonial well.

For several years I have been covering the Kremlin, but I have been unable to really get inside and uncover anything important. If I could be friend a Soviet politician perhaps he could supply some fresh information. How do I go about making friends without putting myself in jeopardy?—D.G., Moscow.

Wire your home office and have them send you a half dozen yoyo's, a couple of



Pat Boone records and some old sports coats and ties. Then pass the word that you're having a yoyo party, with the old garments as door prizes, and we guarantee that your home will be filled to the rafters with Party members. When you think you're about to land one of them as a source, slip him the Pat Boone records and he'll be in your pocket.

was recently embarrassed when I asked for an interview with the man whom I thought was president of a country, but who turned out to have been ousted during breakfast by his brother. This is not the first time this has happened. How can I keep up with the changes in government? It's very confusing.—F.F., Central America.

The best way we've found for determining who is the leader of politically-turbulent countries, is to go to the presidential palace and locate the man in military garb who has the most medals and decorations. If he is not mortally wounded or bleeding, the chances are he will be president—if not then, soon. Another method is to follow the ITT representative. Whomever he gives his briefcase to is probably the president.

I 've been having a miserable time trying to complete a film documentary on Americans living in Poland. Government regulations require us to carry 18 Poles on our crew, but we're on a tight budget, we're only doing six minutes of film and we have our own crew. What can we possibly do with 18 Polish film technicians?—T.F., Warsaw.

You can make two Yugoslavian bus

have just returned from an assignment in the Philipines and have brought back with me a "medical" problem for which I am now being treated. This problem is social in nature and is causing difficulties as word of it spreads through my office and among my associates. My wife has now confronted me and wants to know how, why and from whom I contracted this problem. What can I say?—T.P. San Francisco.

Say nothing. As a member of the press you do not have to reveal your sources. This applies to information as well as infection.

■ have been assigned to my newspaper's South American bureau and will be living in Bolivia. I have heard stories from former South American correspondents about gastro-intestinal problems. What should I avoid eating down there?—R.T., Mexico City.

The food.

After many weeks of negotiation I have arranged to interview a high-ranking Italian politician and industrialist. I want the interview to go well but, as I am just over from the States, where I covered business news, I am relatively unfamiliar with Italian customs. I want him to be comfortable and at ease when we talk. Where would you recommend that I conduct the interview?—T.T., Rome.

In the trunk of a car. Italian politicians and industrialists spend a lot of time in car trunks. Agree to a location, drive up, get out of your car, throw a bag over him and toss him into the trunk of your car. Give him a few weeks to relax, then hold the interview. When it's over, drop him off in Austria.

■ have just arrived in Chile from New York and would like to estabish contacts with other reporters. On previous assignments in other countries, I've met fellow reporters at bars or in hotel lobbies. Is there someplace here where reporters meet? —D.F., Santiago.

Yes. Jail.

was recently and quite suddenly transfered to Namibia from Paris. It is certainly not Paris over here but I'll make do, as I have on many other occasions. My question is very simple—what is the correct wine to serve with wildbeast?—H.G., Namibia.

Any good brown wine will do very well. Look for an earthy brown color and lots of sediment. It should have a powerful stench and gripping bite. The taste should linger into the next day. The wine provides grace and lightness missing in the local cuisine.

Think of us as your foreign correspondents.

If you ever need help translating what ITT is doing around the world, there are ITT staffers nearby you can turn to. Give them a call.

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DATELINE INTERVIEW: RONA BARRETT

a candid conversation with the doyenne of dish about gossip-as-news and the infinitely complicated business of handling celebrity sources

In her relatively short media career, Rona Barrett has seen gossip emerge from the back alleys of journalism to the point where it is a true journalistic phenomenon of the Seventies. Rare is the daily newspaper today that does not have a gossip column or a "people" section; rare is the general-audience magazine that does not feature at least an occasional celebrity on its cover; and rare, too, is the television news program that does not include an item-ortwo about local or national celebrities doing something essentially trivial.

In a society where news is disseminated in as many variations as a well-packed Cuisinart in multi-geared motion, it is no surprise that some varieties cannot be compared with others for obvious reasons of form. Gossip has been around since men started talking to one another, but it is only recently that the public has come to accept it as a reputable news source. Heretofore, with the lines of demarcation sharply and unequivocally drawn between high-class journalism and low-class journalism, gossip was left abysmally sunk in the latter category. How one network or newspaper recounted the news influenced the public's willingness to accept the news as authentic. Could anyone not trust a Walter Cronkite? Could anyone even think of trusting a gossip columnist?

But now gossip has become acceptable (if not wholly respectable) a communication medium whose growth has surprised more than a few cultural observers. Gossip has come out of the closet to claim credibility by offering insights that are both pertinent and persuasive. Back in the days of Hollywood's and Broadway's grandeur, the purveyors of public prattle were such famed gossip columnists as Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper and Walter Winchell; today, some form of gossip appears with or without by line in almost every major publication in the country, including such hallowed media halls as The New York Times, Washington Post, Washington Star. Time and Newsweek; two new and highly successful magazines—Time, Inc.'s People and The New York Times' Us—are devoted exclusively to news about famous and not-yet-famous people; and certain issues of non-gossip magazines have been given over to estimable writers for the purpose of pondering the gossip phenomenon.

When one such magazine—Esquire—devoted the majority of its editorial pages to

the subject of gossip, a majority of these pages were devoted to the subject of Rona Barrett, a.k.a. Miss Rona, nee Rona Burstein. The editors could have chosen from any of a number of professional-celebrity watchers—Joyce Haber, Maxine Cheshire, Liz Smith, Marilyn Beck,—but they chose Rona, and for good reason.

The well-known Hollywood-via-New York media maven has established quite a reputation for herself as an incisive, accurate reporter. Each weekday morning an estimated 3.5 million viewers tune into ABC-TV's Good Morning, America to hear Miss Rona's daily broadcasts. Two Hollywood magazines-Rona Barrett's Gossip and Rona Barrett's Hollywoodare produced in Los Angeles under Rona's tutelage; the magazines are truly gossip pages, disclosing choice bits of news about the power-and-sex struggles of Hollywood's denizens. Rona got her start in Hollywood writing for fan magazines, and her two magazines attest to that; but, she will quickly submit, the scope and nature of her reporting go well beyond Hollywood's glittering confines, and her television broadcasts attest to that.

To interview this garrulous mistress of



"In my opinion, I happen to be the best goddamn reporter ever to come down the pike. I could go to Washington tomorrow and cause as much havoc as anybody who ever crossed the White House threshhold."



"I've always thought of myself as an anthropological reporter. Margaret Mead studied the people of New Guinea: I study the people of Hollywood. The difference is that I focus on show-business celebrities."



"I've received thousands of letters from people saying. 'You're the only reason I watch the news any more. It's a relief not to hear who's being murdered or that oil prices are going up' I'm the comic relief."

the media, Dateline sent writer Barbara Cady, editor of Playgirl magazine, to find out how this lady does what she does so well.

DATELINE: Why do you think that people like to gossin?

BARRETT: It's genetic. I think we're all born with this gene that makes us unable to keep a secret. And people also get a vicarious thrill out of knowing that they know something that somebody else doesn't.

DATELINE: Do people just walk up to you and begin to gossip?

BARRETT: If I'm at a party, I just plunk myself down at a table and people come to me. They kiss my ring first, and then sit down—making sure it's on a chair lower than mine—then they ask for my blessing; I always give it to them, because I'm a generous Popess. Then they confide in me.

DATELINE: Why do they confide in you? **BARRETT:** When I have conversations with people, they're quickly put off-guard —even though they know I'm looking for a story. If I'm at a party talking to them, I very rarely take out a pad and pencil, but I have great recall.

DATELINE: You trust your ability to memorize quotes? Even long ones?

BARRETT: It's a habit I got into. The minute I left someone, I'd always dash to a bathroom, take out my pad and pencil and write down everything. I'm very good at dialog, so I always remember what people say and I always remember the intonation -how they said it. So, I can read it right back in my head; and I'm rarely wrong. Now I can wait until I get back home before I write up my stuff, reliving all the words and all the stories everyone has told me. Often people get very upset later because they didn't realize just how much they had divulged to me.

DATELINE: Do they get angry and call you up when they see their stories in print or hear them on TV?

BARRETT: No, never. Most people don't have the guts to do that. I always hear about it through somebody else.

This town's filled with fickle kids-give them a swat one day and a lollipop the next day and they're in seventh heaven.

DATELINE: How can you be sure your sources are telling you the truth?

BARRETT: If the information is from somebody who has proven to be correct on numerous other occasions, I have to consider him a reliable informant. If it's from somebody who's giving me information for the first time, then I've got to be damn sure. The best procedure is to contact other people involved and say, "Look I understand such-and-such happened. Is it really true?" Or I have to go to somebody else who may not have been there, but who may be a reliable source close to these other people, and see if they can ascertain the same information. I have a number of people who double-check things. However, the minute that I find that somebody makes a mistake, they no longer stay with me. I tell them, "It's not your life that's at stake; it's my name and reputation that's at stake."

DATELINE: Do you consider yourself a gossip columnist or a serious reporter?

BARRETT: I think of myself as an anthropological or sociological reporter. Just like Margaret Mead studied the people in New Guinea, I study the people in Hollywood with a focus on celebrities. And in my opinion, I'm the best goddamn reporter to ever come down the pike. I could go to Washington, D.C., tomorrow and cause as much havoc as anybody that ever crossed the White House threshold. And whether I'd like it or not, I'd probably be considered more "legitimate" if I did. The problem is that people think that when you cover Washington you're respectable but when you cover Hollywood you're low class. My real complaint is that, subconsciously, people have been indoctrinated to think that people who work in my kind of profession work at the lowest level of journalism. **DATELINE:** Who indoctrinated the public to think this way?

BARRETT: Other reporters. When Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper got frontpage stories when celebrities like Clark Gable and Carole Lombard got married, their peers in the press criticized them; anyone who read Louella or Hedda was a moron-and a voyeur.

DATELINE: Doesn't your recent networktelevision work indicate that gossip may be becoming more respectable?

BARRETT: Well, obviously everything I say seems to wind up in Time, Newsweek, and People and on the front pages of newspapers everywhere—usually credited to AP or UPI. It's strange but when I got on the air and said that Elvis Presley was marrying Priscilla Beaulieu, it was considered innuendo, rumor and gossip. But it was okay for Walter Cronkite to lead off his news program by saying, "Teen idol Elvis Presley today in Las Vegas got married to Priscilla Beaulieu."

One of the things that upset me when I did my daily news broadcast was that I felt I had become the legman for this industrymotion pictures, television, records, theater, art, the whole spectrum. I was doing such a good job that I was being picked up almost every night by the wire services, who would then beat me into syndication.

DATELINE: Have such frustrations ever made you want to quit the business?

BARRETT: Yes, at times I thought it was just too tough. I think the fight was really worth it, though, and I've received hundreds of letters from intelligent people saying, "You're the only reason I watch the news. It's a relief not to hear who's being murdered or that oil prices are going up.' I'm almost like comic relief.

DATELINE: Is that what you provide comic relief?

BARRETT: Yes, but I also give people a sense of association. It's very important for people to realize that they're not alone.

DATELINE: If you're providing such a useful service, why do you dislike being thought of as a gossip columnist? BARRETT: Because the word has such a

the area I covered was important enough tobe on network television. Hard news is the how, when and where; gossip is the why. Hard news is that a ship's gone down; gossip is that it went down because the captain was drunk. I think the why of the news is just as important as the how, when and where.

negative connotation. Look, I gave up my

newspaper column because I thought that

DATELINE: But you do make a lot of people flush and blush with the little barbs and zingers you're so famous for; you have been known to say some terrible thingsand hurt people.

BARRETT: That depends on your interpretation of terrible. For me, gossip has been news—whether it's good or bad. Even if it's something just being thought about, it's still a fact that it exists.

DATELINE: But you don't always deal in facts. Don't you also deal in conjecture. assumption and personal opinion?

BARRETT: Look, if you see a top director, a producer, actor and writer having dinner at La Scala, it's a safe assumption that they're talking about a deal. So the following morning, I call the one I know best. He'll either say it was nothing, or he will tell me what deal they were talking about. Now, there's the story. If I'm really doing my homework, and it's an important story, I'll call another party and get his version. Before you know it, I have all the pieces of the puzzle.

DATELINE: Besides reporting objective news, you also give your own subjective opinion, often heavily laced with innuendo. For example, when you report that someone is cheating on his wife your attitude seems to be that he's contemptible.

BARRETT: That's right. I don't like to see people being put down. I don't think people 🚴 should get married unless they want to make a commitment; just as I don't think people should have a business partnership unless they want to make a commitment.

DATELINE: Does your position place you on the inside or the outside of the celebrity world?

BARRETT: Well, I was once on the inside. When the Hollywood teenage revolution occured in the Fifties, with Elvis Presley, Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean, followed by Sal Mineo, Natalie Wood, the Frankie Avalons, the Fabians, the Paul Ankas—all those young singers—I was there. I was the queen bee socialite, "Mother Rona."

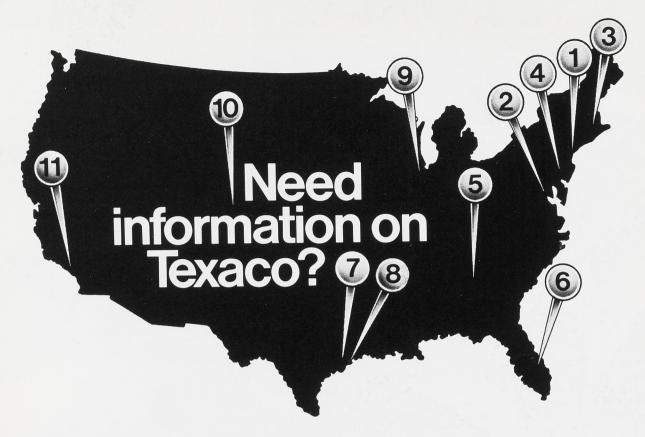
DATELINE: And then?

BARRETT: Well, when I got my first important column, my editor said, "If you really want to be a serious columnist, then I want to see you write an opinion that exposes someone once a month.'

DATELINE: In other words, your job prevents you from making friends with celebrities?

BARRETT: Well, I've made acquaintances, but not close, close friendships. As close as I am to people like Cher or Jack Nicholson or Ann-Margret, for example, I

(continued on page 60)



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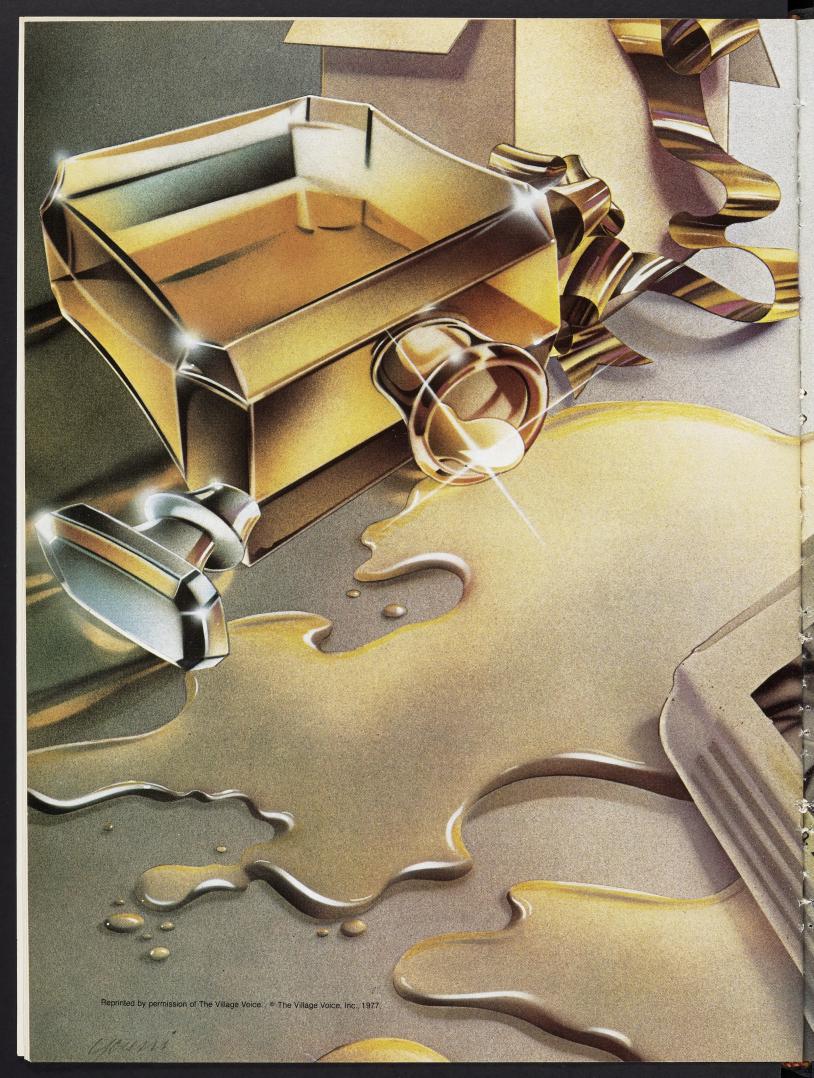
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THE FOREMAN AFFAIR

a political reporter falls in love with a politician and sparks a dramatic controversy over journalistic ethics.

By Judy Oppenheimer

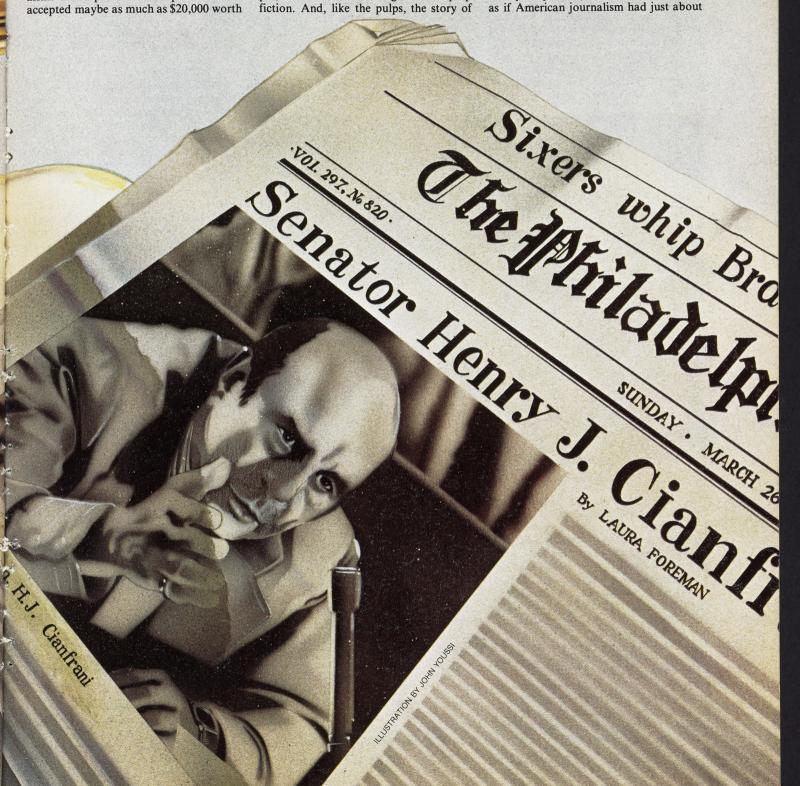
Laura Foreman was forced to quit her job at the New York Times Washington bureau last September, after it was published that while covering local politics for the Philadelphia Inquirer she had an affair with a powerful local politician and accepted maybe as much as \$20,000 worth

of gifts from him.

It's the story of the reporter and the pol, which is how the *Philadelphia Daily News* capped it early on. The title seems apt. All the principals—southern belle, streetwise pol, mink coat—are straight out of pulp fiction. And, like the pulps, the story of

Laura Foreman is not without melodrama. After resigning from the *Times*, Foreman collapsed and spent several weeks in a hospital.

After Woodward-Bernstein toppled a corrupt empire—dynamite stuff—it seemed as if American journalism had just about



cornered the market on ethics, fortitude, and incorruptibility. We were riding for a fall, we got it in Laura Foreman.

The Foreman issue and the questions it raises—about conflict of interest, about the different problems of men and women in journalism—are going to be around for a while. And the questions don't have easy answers.

Twelve years ago I sat in a Washington restaurant with a friend of mine and a friend of his, a woman reporter he had assured me I was going to like.

I didn't, but I figured that was my problem; I had just lost my own job as reporter, and I was feeling sullen. This woman, on the other hand, had been handling a top beat in Washington for years. It was not a climate for camaraderie.

Still, she didn't help. She never looked at me during lunch and kept up a running line of patter about the men she had met, covering her beat. High officials. Infatuated brought up the phrase "conflict of interest." It just didn't occur to us.

When Foreman moved to the Times bureau in February, 1977, her relationship with Pennsylvania state senator Henry J. "Buddy" Cianfrani was, by and large, a thing of the past. What blew it all out of the water (as reporters like to say, preferably about politicians) was the FBI's questioning Foreman about Cianfrani and the gifts he'd given her—a fur coat, jewelry, stereo, cash. Cianfrani, 54, a balding man about town, chairman of the state senate appropriations committee and a key supporter of Mayor Frank Rizzo, was known for his generosity to the ladies. In September 1977 he was indicted by a federal grand jury on 110 counts of racketeering, mail fraud, obstruction of justice, and tax evasion. In December he pleaded guilty to 106 of the counts, and nolo contendere to the other 4; In February he entered the federal prison at Allenwood, Pennsylvania to begin serving

"Laura Foreman is to the *Times* as Bert Lance is to Jimmy Carter," a Washington *Star* article led off.

Ten days later the *Times* caved in. Foreman was called into executive editor A.M. Rosenthal's office; at the end of their meeting she submitted her resignation. "I don't care if my reporters are screwing elephants, as long as they're not covering the circus," Rosenthal said in a publicized aside—a bit unfair in view of the fact that she didn't screw Washington elephants.

According to Robert McCandless, the lawyer Foreman hired in August, "Rosenthal told her, 'If we're going after people like Lance, we've got to keep our skirts clean'."

"I told her to ask Rosenthal for time," McCandless says, "Rosenthal refused. He saw her in his office, a command performance, without lawyer or shop steward."

McCandless denies reports that Foreman received a cash settlement. "The *Times* sent her a severance check, which she hasn't cashed and won't. There's a grievance procedure pending," he says.

"Laura was fired without cause—there was no conflict of interest at the time," says McCandless, who was also John Dean's lawyer, "Rosenthal showed not an ounce of decency in the way he handled it. You'd think people in this country would have learned in the past few years that there's more to life than just keeping your ass covered."

After resigning, Foreman called the *Inquirer* to apologize for causing the paper embarrassment. She sounded so distraught that editors there alerted the *Times*, which sent someone to her Falls Church, Virginia, home to check on her. Two days later she was hospitalized and spent three weeks at the Psychiatric Institute of Washington. She is still seeing a psychiatrist.

"Laura feels depressed and isolated," McCandless told me. "She feels that if she does the right thing and fights, she may never work for a newspaper again."

Even before Foreman's resignation, the *Inquirer* decided, as one reporter put it, to "do the mea-culpa bit." It turned loose its Pulitzer Prize-winning duo, Donald Bartlett and James Steele, and announced that their efforts would not be edited.

The 17,000-word result—see what happens when there's no editor?—dubbed a "mega-turd" by *Inquirer* staffers, ran October 16, 1977. It decried "lapsed editorial vigilance," it probed avidly into Foreman's past, it made a strenuous effort to track down every Buddy-Laura snicker that had ever gone through the newsroom, at times descending to Bernie-told-Suetold-Arnie. The implication was obvious: Editors should have picked up on the rumors and pulled Laura off politics, or Buddy, or both.

It happened in Philadelphia, a town I know. Or used to know. I moved there soon after that lunch date, to work at the *Phila-(continued on page 62)*



Reporter Laura Foreman covers the 1976 National Democratic Convention

with her. Generous to her: the new coat, the cocktail dress, the Caribbean trip.

My friend seemed mildly interested, as if he had heard it all before. I was...confused. The woman had a good reputation as a reporter. What was this call-girl routine? There were only a few respected women journalists in town then—most trying their damndest to blend in with "the boys." Was this how she went about proving she was a real woman?

I tried to say some of this to my friend after she left. He assured me that I was feeling much too low to be anything but antagonistic toward successful women. I was jealous, all right, but of her job, not her sugar daddies. Who wanted to be kept?

It's significant, I think, that neither I, nor my friend, nor anyone I told the story to,

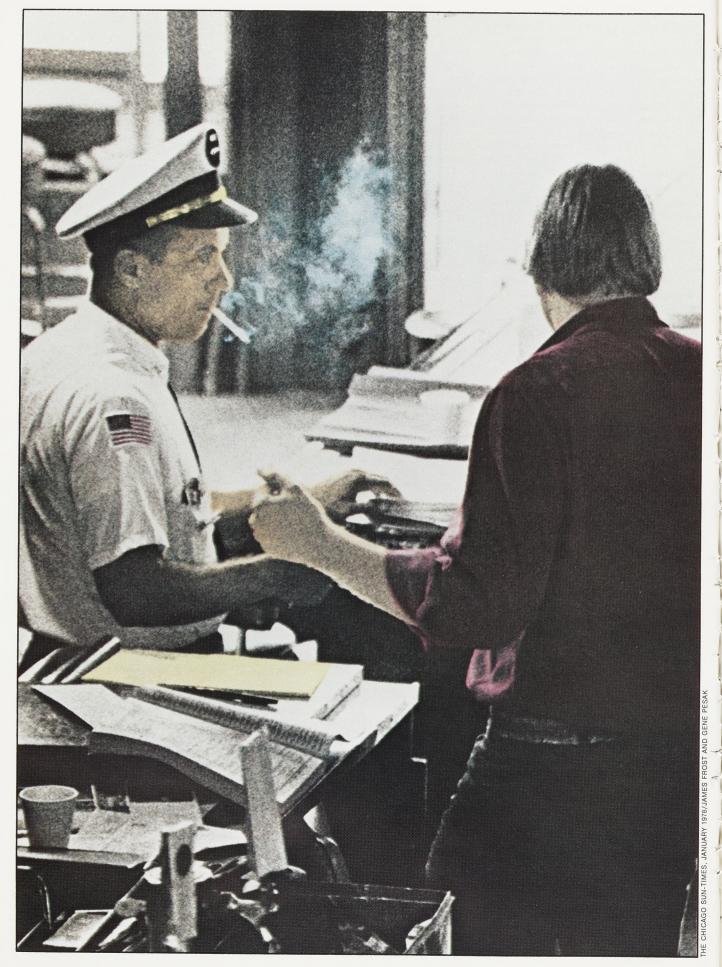
a 5 year sentence.

The *Inquirer* picked up a leak about the FBI questioning and sat on it uneasily for three weeks while going through Foreman's back clips. As chief political writer in 1975 and 1976, during Rizzo's successful reelection campaign and his unsuccesful attempt to oust the city Democratic chairman, Foreman had often written about Cianfrani and used him as a source. But the editors concluded that she had not slanted her copy.

When the *Inquirer* story broke— "RE-PORTER ACCEPTED GIFTS OF \$10,000"—the *Times* issued a prim statement calling Foreman's work there "in conformance with the highest ethical standards"—a bit too much for other papers, some of whom could not resist the target.



 $"You're\ not\ supposed\ to\ talk\ back\ to\ them,\ Phil!"$



THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES BUYS A BAR

By Deirdre Carmody

where is the line between inspiring news and gathering news as it happens?

"It looked like any neighborhood tavern in Chicago. The beer was cold, the bratwursts hot. But the Mirage, 731 N. Wells St., was never quite what it seemed.

Thus began a dramatic series of reports in the Chicago Sun-Times, in which two of the paper's reporters-Pamela Zekman and Zay N. Smith-recounted the incidents and experiences that occurred when their newspaper, together with the city's Better Government Association, owned and operated a bar on Chicago's Near North side. Zekman and Smith worked at the Mirage as bartenders; BGA official William Rectenwald also posed as a bartender; Sun-Times photographers Jim Frost and Gene Pesek posed as repairmen, and took compromising photos of city officials, tax accountants and others, from behind a partition at the rear of the bar.

As a result of the investigation, which lasted from August to November, 1977, the Sun-Times was able to publish reports detailing: payments of between \$10 and \$100 to city inspectors, in return for their ignoring health and safety-code violations; payments of \$50 and up (or, "whatever is in a tavern's cash register") to state liquor inspectors, in return for their ignoring liquor-sales violations; tax fraud by accountants who outlined ways by which the bar could cheat on state and federal taxes; misconduct by city employees in their use of public equipment for private gain, and demands of cash-payments for what should be public services; kickbacks, tax skims and offers of political fixes from jukebox and pinball-machine operators.

Responsible state and city authorities responded to the Sun-Times series with employee suspensions, code revisions and promises to upgrade agencies involved in the Mirage scandals. Outside Chicago and Illinois, media coverage of the Sun-Times/ Mirage case tended to focus, not so much on the crimes and scandals revealed, but on the newspaper's method of uncovering them. The following article is a report on

A Chicago fire-department official is surreptitiously photographed taking a payoff in return for overlooking fire hazards at the Mirage. Such payoffs, said the Sun-Times, "were the rule, not the exception." the many media reactions to the Sun-Times/ Mirage case.

• A reporter wanting to write an article about the problems of blue-collar workers, gets a job on an assembly line for a few weeks but does not let anyone know he is a reporter.

• A consumer reporter, looking into allegations that garage mechanics overcharge for their services, takes a car with a faulty transmission to a number of garages and asks for estimates of what it would cost to fix it. She does not say that she is a reporter.

A well-known restaurant critic calls up a new restaurant and makes a reservation under an assumed

• A reporter is invited to a party where most people do not know he works for a newspaper. He overhears some interesting conversation and quotes it in the paper the next day.

Are these reporters being unethical? Or are they using the only effective means they can to uncover conditions that their readers should know about?

There are no clearcut answers, although many editors would agree that reporting what people are saying

when they do not know they are in the presence of a reporter is not ethical. Some newspapers have absolute rules that reporters should not misrepresent themselves. Others believe there are situations when the importance of the news story warrants that reporters be allowed a modicum of deception.

The subject of reporters masquerading has come up again in connection with a recent 25-part series by The Chicago Sun-Times describing the first-hand experiences of Sun-Times reporters and photographers who operated a small bar to document pervasive public and private

corruption in Chicago.

"It was a spendid idea," says John McMullen, executive editor of The Miami Herald, echoing comments of other newspaper editors around the country. "I just wish we had thought of it ourselves."



The Mirage investigative team poses in front of the tavern; from left: Better Government Association investigator William Recktenwald; reporters Pamela Zekman and Zay N. Smith; and Jeff Allen, an associate who played the role of tavern owner.

> "It wasn't entrapment," he added. "As newspapers, our purpose is not to convict but to expose a situation and let the proper authorities take it from there."

> Other editors, while praising the series, said that it raised questions that were difficult to answer.

> "I'd be very, very cautious," said Laurence G. O'Donnell, managing editor of The Wall Street Journal. "Why do we have the right to bribe people and break the law just to get a story?"

> Evarts A. Graham, Jr., managing editor of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, said: "I would have to consult my conscience a lot

before I agreed to our doing a story like that. But I'm not sure that I would be so pristine that I might not have said in the end, yes, go ahead."

"It's a method of getting news that troubles me very much," he added. "We've done it. We've sent teams of male and female reporters to pose as interested buyers of houses to see if people were being steered to apartments for blacks or for whites. When real estate dealers later accused us of chicanery, my problem was that I agreed with them. What it does is lower us to the ethics of the people we are complaining about."

There was a lot of discussion at the Sun-Times between the editor, James Hoge, and his two reporters about the questions these methods raised before Mr. Hoge gave the go-ahead to proceed with buying the Mirage.

"It was taken as a given that the only way to do the story was to own a bar," says Pamela Zekman, one of the reporters.



The reporters and investigators from the Better Government Association were careful to abide by state entrapment laws. According to Miss Zekman, the reporters did not initiate the bribes. Every payoff was either suggested by inspectors or by a business broker. The payoffs were immediately reported by the Mirage team to the Illinois Department of Law Enforce-

Technically, entrapment can be committed only by a law enforcement agent, not by a journalist. Entrapment involves luring someone into the commission of a crime as opposed to allowing him to conduct himself in a normal manner.

"The key words, it seems to me are 'not planting the idea," said Fred. W. Friendly, who conducts news media-law seminars for the Ford Foundation. "For example, a reporter dispatched by an editor to write about prostitution or drug traffic cannot seek out the vendor, he must wait to be solicited. Journalists posing as someone they are not is permissible only if there is no other way to get the story and if the public value of knowing warrants such extreme measures."

"In general, it is virtually impossible to lay down any absolute rules," says Seymour Topping, managing editor of The New York Times. "Our policy, broadly, is to bar our reporters from misrepresenting themselves, except in coverage of consumer stories, where they may pose as ordinary members of the public."

Robert P. Clark, executive editor of The Louisville Courier-Journal and Times, said that if a reporter misrepresented himself while reporting on a story, he would have to make sure to tell his

readers how he got the story.

"The public is the master, so to speak, and at least we have to level with them," added Mr.Clark, who is also head of the ethics committee for the American Society of Newspaper Editors. "If they feel we shouldn't have done it by masquerading, they will probably let us know."

There are subterfuges that fall into the gray area. A woman reporter who writes under her maiden name, for example, might use her married name when filling out forms during the course of reporting on a housing problem. A reporter might mingle in a group as if he belonged there, but if challenged, most editors would agree, that he would have to identify himself correctly.

Editors generally agree that rules and guidelines in these matters are almost

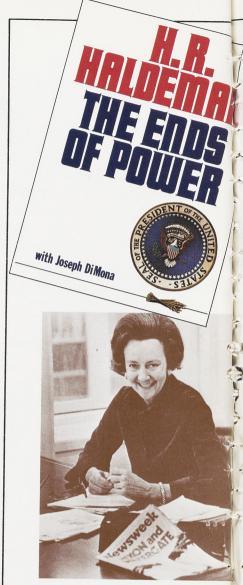
"Obviously, some stories are of such paramount importance to the public in general that you might go along with some measures that you would otherwise have to rule out," said William F. Thomas, editor of The Los Angeles Times. "The Sun-Times series was probably the best way to expose corruption in that city."

There is no question that reporters often get better treatment than members of the general public if their identity is known. A restaurant critic who is recognized will certainly not be subjected to the rude service that might be pro forma for diners not known to the restaurant's management. For that reason many restaurants post photographs of restaurant critics in their kitchens so their waiters can keep an eye out for them.

One restaurant reviewer for The St. Louis Post-Dispatch managed to preserve his anonymity until one day he visited the kitchen of the restaurant on a pretense. There he came face to face with his own picture posted on the bulletin board.

Bob Woodward of The Washington Post said that when he and Carl Bernstein were covering the Watergate scandals, only once did they attempt to break the Post rule that reporters not misrepresent themselves.

They were trying to establish that G. Gordon Liddy, then finance counsel for the Committee for the Re-election of the President, and Donald H. Segretti, who was in charge of creating disruptions among the Democrats, knew each other.



Washington Post Publisher Katherine Graham



Washington Post Editor Ben Bradlee

THE HALDEMAN BOOK CAPER

when the washington post scooped the publishers and excerpted parts of h. r. (bob)'s memoirs, was it a case of sound investigative journalism-or simply theft?

By Thomas Griffith

The trickiest ethical decision in journalism so far this year might have been taken, but wasn't, by Kay Graham, chairman of the Washington Post Co. Her *Newsweek* had the legal rights to the H.R. Haldeman book. Her *Washington Post* had got hold of a copy and wanted to scoop everybody. What was she to do?

Imagine the dialogue in her office. With expletives deleted and angry words softened, it might have gone like this:

Ben Bradlee (aggressive editor of the *Post*): We got the story. It's news. We're going with it.

Ed Kosner (aggressive editor of Newsweek): You can't. It's our exclusive. We've got a commitment. We're sinking more than \$125,000 into it. We've increased our price 25 cents on the newsstands. We've gone to all this secrecy so that we can spread it out over two issues.

Bradlee: Tough luck, kid. But you can't copyright news. Remember, even the Attorney General of the U.S. couldn't stop us from printing the Pentagon papers.

Kosner: What've the Pentagon papers got to do with it? This isn't a freedom-of-the-press issue. If those Pentagon papers hadn't been printed, you might argue that the public was denied something it had a right to know. Nothing's being kept from the public here that entitles you to jump a book's publication date by four days.

Bradlee: You're trying to buy news and withhold it to suit your convenience

Kosner: And you're avoiding the issue. We're two parts of the same company. There's a question of responsibility here. You're not some little hippie paper defying the Establishment. We're both part of a half-a-billion-dollar corporation that makes contracts and is expected to honor them. We signed up with *The New York Times*, and so did dozens of newspapers. We've all gone to a lot of expense to honor the release date together. Remember, the *Times* even agreed that Kay Graham could read an

advance of the book. We're all part of a network of obligations, I don't see how you can frivolously override them.

Bradlee: That's not my problem. We're trying to keep our Watergate momentum going. Think what the staff would say if I stopped it. So unless Kay rules otherwise....

Most editors can imagine a conversation like that taking place in Mrs. Graham's office, and agree that it should have. But there was no such meeting. Kosner was not told that the *Post* had the book, and he was given no chance to argue for *Newsweek*. Contrary to earlier reports, Kay Graham did not even learn that the *Post* was publishing its story until it was already on the presses.

Bradlee speaks of a foul-up. The *Post* got the book on a Monday but did not publish until Thursday. In the intervening days, the paper's top editors were gathered in Florida at an annual editorial-planning meeting. Late Wednesday afternoon Bradlee had the final version of the story read to him from Washington, then tried to reach Mrs. Graham. She was on a flight from Seattle to San Diego, he says, due in at 7:59 p.m. Actually, it was another Post executive on that flight, and Mrs. Graham never did hear from Bradlee.

"I wasn't in San Diego," Mrs. Graham told me. "I was at Newsweek! It's not a great source of pride to me that the first word I heard was Sydney Gruson (executive vice president of the New York Times Co.) yelling at me. I did point out later that he seemed able to reach me even if the Post couldn't.

"We had a snafu. This is not the proudest moment of my managerial life—that's a fact. All I can say is the information process didn't work the way one would have liked." Did she feel the *Post* was hiding its plans from her? "They didn't rush to let me know. But nor do I think they were playing the game it looks like."

But had she sufficient advance notice, would she have stopped the *Post* from publishing the Haldeman story? No. "I obviously didn't like it. It's dis-

tressing. I've thought it over. But times have changed. I think this is going to affect the future sales of memoirs when they depend on secrecy. But I hope *Newsweek* would still buy them, knowing it's a risk. It's like the Government trying to keep a secret; if you can't, you can't retrieve it."

The Washington Post's (or Bradlee's) insistent itch to be audacious and lively currently disturbs many members of the Washington press corps, including a few on the Post. Controversy turns on two recent gossipy stories about Hamilton Jordan, President Carter's chief factotum. The Post's Sally Quinn, fellow guest at a private dinner party, quoted Jordan as longing to see the pyramids of the Egyptian ambassador's wife, who was seated at his side; others at the party challenge the Quinn version. Then came Rudy Maxa's item about Jordan spitting a drink at a girl in a Washington singles bar; in the Post, one of its best reporters, Haynes Johnson, deplored the sloppy checking of this incident.

One engaging quality about the Post, in fact, is its readiness to print criticism of itself. Last week the paper's thoughtful ombudsman, Charles Seib, suggested that these Post stories violated an unwritten journalistic rule that off-hours conduct of an official becomes a matter for public attention only when it affects his performance on the job. "The pettiness and unfairness of gossip masquerading as news," wrote Seib, is one reason "the Washington press is seen by many Americans as vindictive, destructive and often irrelevant...(It) can also undermine the press's own credibility, which is none too steady to begin with."

Seib raises an important question, and the *Post's* willingness to let him have his say isn't a sufficient answer. Brash Ben Bradlee is characteristically unfazed: "If the social behavior of as powerful a man on the Washington scene as Jordan isn't reportable," he says, "I've got to go back to school."

This response, of course, does not address the accuracy of the Post's reporting.

THE MAFIA BEAT

for the reporter covering organized crime, the problem is not only one of developing sources—there is also the substantial problem of keeping them alive.

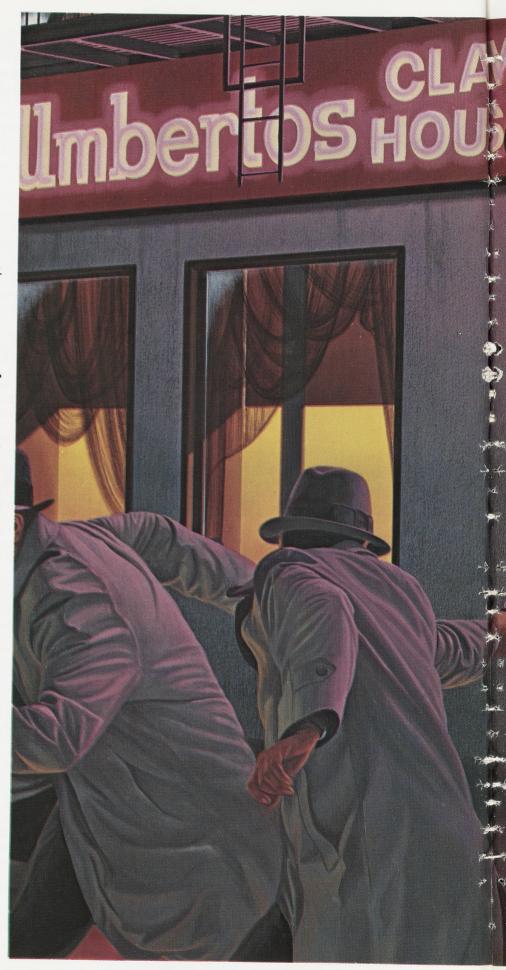
By Nicholas Gage

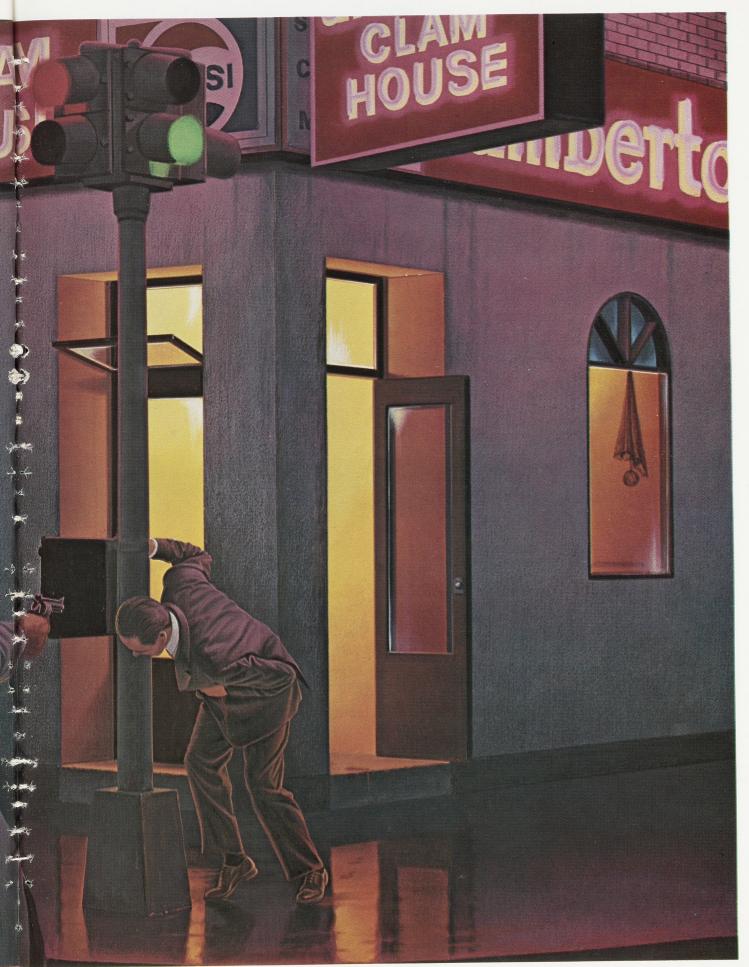
If clothes make the man, that goes double for crooks. The crooks I've known, be it a Times Square pimp, a Brooklyn Mafia don, or a Miami Beach embezzler who could pass for the president of General Motors, all have a connoisseur's eye for sartorial detail. Like the time I wore my black Porsche wristwatch with my Piatelli suit to meet a New Jersey capo. He pointed out as tactfully as possible that the watch was for sport only. "That's a nice suit," he said. "You should have a dress watch to wear with it."

I shrugged the suggestion off—one watch was enough for me. But he refused to drop the subject and get back to talking crime. "Listen," he hissed, "I told you, you need a dress watch. Now lemme take care of it for you. I can get you a nice \$850 Cartier for only \$150."

That exchange helped me understand

"Joey Gallo called me frequently at The New York Times in 1971 and '72, after he was sprung from prison and before his life ended abruptly in the gutter outside Umberto's Clam House in Manhattan."





the reaction of the underworld when the police fished a steel oil-drum containing Johnny Roselli's body out of a Florida canal last year. Nobody in the underworld was surprised that Johnny had been hitthe only surprise was that it hadn't happened sooner. Being a notably unsqueamish lot, no one remarked on the fact that Roselli's killers had cut off both his legs with a hack saw and hoisted the carcass with two tow hooks in the abdomen to get it into the oil drum. What was noticed, however, was that, although the body still wore its Prince Igor pink Qiana sports shirt and Jockey Slim Guy size 36 shorts. the hit men weren't able to resist pocketing Johnny's watch before dumping him into the canal. Very bad form. "It was a Bueche-Girod, see; from Switzerland, worth over two thou," a Mafia friend explained to me. "Still, they should aleft it on him."

Their refined sense of dress and social behavior may explain why Mafiosi tend to refer to each other in rather Edwardian terms as "good fellow" or "dear fellow," code words indicating that someone is a member of a Mafia family, as in: "Hey, Matty, I want you to meet a good fellow from Providence. Richie's with very good

people up there."

Lawmen who monitor the activities of such good fellows refer to them more irreverently as "wise guys," if they're fullfledged members of a family, and "halfassed wise guys" if they're only associates.

I don't call them by either name, but after a dozen years as a reporter covering organized crime, seven of them for The New York Times, I've learned to listen when they talk-in spite of their courtly speech and exaggerated concern for proper dress.

I was thinking about how much of a criminal's cool comes off with his clothes as I sat, wearing only a towel, next to Pete "The Greek" Diapoulas in the steaming sauna room of a Holiday Inn. Pete, similarly attired, was in the process of telling me who killed his best buddy, Joey Gallo. When Pete had taken off his beige suit, chocolate Yves St. Laurent shirt, white tie and diamond "D" stickpin, I saw for the first time how nervous he really was.

Not that he didn't have reason to be nervous. A few months before, he had seen Joey gunned down as they celebrated Gallo's 43rd birthday at Umberto's Clam House, accompanied by their wives and Joey's stepdaughter. In the shootout, Pete, Joey's bodyguard, was wounded in the buttocks. Now he was on the lam from Joey's brother, Albert "Kid Blast" Gallo, as well as from Joey's killers-members of the rival Joe Colombo gang who blamed Gallo and his pals for the assassination attempt that turned Joe Colombo into a vegetable.

To my astonishment, Pete had decided it was time to talk about his life with the Mafia, and he had selected me as the reporter to hear his tale—partly because he knew I was a fellow Greek, but mostly

because he had heard good things about me from Joey. Gallo who called me frequently at The New York Times in 1971 and '72, after he was sprung from prison and before he was hit.

That was the time when Joey became the social catch of Manhattan's radical chic set. All the beautiful people loved Joey because he was such a delicious contradiction: a convicted Mafioso who could discuss literature and philosophy in Brooklynese. While sitting on your Louis Quinze settee discussing Plato and Hegel, Gallo always made you aware that a careless remark could ignite the famous temper that had earned him the nickname of "Crazy Joey" and had proved fatal to several of his acquaintances. It gave you a certain frisson. But Joey's brief time in the social spotlight ended abruptly in the gutter outside Umberto's, and now the only people who wanted the pleasure of Pete the Greek's company were his underworld pals who would like to finish the job Joey's murderers had started.

If Pete the Greek was nervous, I was more nervous. The most dangerous period in making contact with a source is right at the beginning, when he doesn't know whether to trust you or not. And Pete was more cautious than most sources.

He first had a friend contact me at the paper, then cancelled our appointments several times. Finally, I was told to fly to a certain city, where I'd be met at the airport. The mustached man who met me clearly wasn't Pete, and only after I was taken to a corner room of a Holiday Inn motel did I find myself sharing a room with someone whom I recognized from his mug shots as Diapoulas.

He made a very jumpy roommate. We went through an elaborate routine every time we had food or drink ordered in, that made me feel like an actor in an imitation Sam Spade movie. Whenever room service knocked at the door, Pete sprang, like a crazed cougar, behind the door, his gun at the ready. My job was to open the door a crack, check out the bewildered waiter, relieve him of his tray and get rid of him, without letting him see inside the room. I can imagine what was being said about us in the kitchen.

We were together 24 hours a day for three days. To make sure I couldn't phone outside, we went to the restaurant together and even took sauna baths togetherwhich is how I found myself watching Pete nervously through the vapors of the steam room. The fact that a .38 was wrapped in the Turkish towel on the seat between us didn't seem to make Pete feel any better. It certainly didn't make me feel any better.

Then it happened. The door to the steam room opened slowly. In walked this guy, completely dressed in a business suit, squinting in the steam. Out came Pete's piece. Apparently the newcomer couldn't see it; he reeled back from the cloud of steam and muttered, "I thought this was the john. Where the hell does a guy take a

piss around here?" Exit dude. Loud sighs from me and Pete.

But even though nothing happened, the moment broke the ice a little and helped Pete relax. Since then, we've become great friends. After all, we grew up in the same kind of family, talking Greek. Pete even surprised me one day with the gift of a small jeweler's box. "I had a guy I know make it up," he said shyly. When I opened it, I found my own stick pin-a diamond G. I had arrived.

That stick pin is the only "payola" I've ever accepted on the job, honest Abe! (I'm referring to Honest Abe Rosenthal, who sets up the policies of The New York Times in such matters.) The great gray lady does not allow her employees to accept any gift worth more than five dollars. Nor can a reporter pay for information. This policy has lost me some stories that I'd rather not think about. In fact, I justified keeping Pete's stick pin, to my conscience, by reflecting on the \$500 of my own money that I'd lost when I was still fairly new at the paper and naive enough to be taken by a potential source named Robert Russell.

Russell called me collect at the Times from the Atlantic City jail. This was shortly after Joe Colombo had been shot in 1971 and Russell swore up and down that he'd tell me who set up the shooting and why. But he had to tell me in person. I was to go to Atlantic City to see his wife and his wife would bring me to the jail.

I found his young, haggard wife living in a wretched room in the worst part of town. She was nine months pregnant. She cried all the time. She took me to the prison and said I was Russell's cousin, just in from Philadelphia; and even though it wasn't visiting hours they let me in to talk to Russell because she was such a pitiful

sight, crying like that.

Russell dropped a lot of big names and said that, if I'd only lend him five hundred dollars, he could get out on bail long enough to be with his wife when her time came. And he had all kinds of documents to show me, he promised, about who set up Colombo. Both Russell and his wife said that, if he wasn't there at her side when the baby came, she didn't think she'd make it through the birth.

I went back to New York and got turned down by my editor for the \$500 loan. It was against Times policy. I called up Russell's wife and she cried so hard that I said, "Okay, I'll wire you five hundred of my own money, but it was only a loan, understand." She assured me that I'd have the money back two days after Russell hit the street, because someone owed it to him.

Needless to say, that was the last I heard from Robert Russell, his wife, the baby, or my \$500. The last, that is, until about a year later when I got another call from him—this time from a Manhattan jail. "Sorry about that money," he said, "but this time I've got a story for you that would make the Pulitzer Prize committee stand up and salute." And he had a whole

(continued on page 52)

1978 AWARDS OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB

OPC PRESIDENT'S AWARD



To: Donald Woods

Last New Year's Eve Donald Woods and his family went into exile. Woods left his native land, South Africa, because he refused to be muzzled and because, had he remained, he would most likely have suffered the same fate as his great friend, Steve Biko, who was tortured and murdered by the Security Police of the Vorster regime.

In 1965, at the age of 32, Woods was named editor of *The Daily Dispatch* of East London. He also was the author of the most widely syndicated column in South Africa. Through his column and his newspaper, Woods waged a continuous war against *apartheid* and urged what he and Biko believed to be the logical solution for a nation in which 85 percent of the population was denied any political representation, much less the simple dignities that should belong to all men.

Even though Woods made it clear that he was not advocating revolution through violence, that the transitional government should not be recriminatory and that there would always be a place in South Africa for the Afrikaner people, the Vorster regime regarded Woods in the same light as they did Biko.

Shots were fired at Woods' home, an acid-impregnated t-shirt was mailed to his five-year-old daughter and his family was subjected to constant threatening and obscene telephone calls. Finally, on October 19,

1977, Woods was officially banned by the Vorster government. This meant that he could no longer write, publish or lecture; he was confined to the area in which he lived, had to report once a week to the local police station and was forbidden to be with more than one person at a time other than his immediate family.

Despite the fact that he was under constant surveillance by Security Police who were anxious to catch him with evidence that would warrant his imprisonment, Woods continued to work on the scathing indictment that was smuggled out of the country and that now has been published as the book, *Biko*.

Suffice it to repeat Donald Wood's final paragraph:

Help to finish the work of Steve Biko. Help to smash the remaining links of the chain he broke, and let the sound of his work echo around the world so that chains may be broken wherever they hold in bondage the bodies and minds of men.

For his extreme courage under circumstances that would have silenced most men and for his willingness to risk his life and the safety of his family for the common cause of humanity, the Overseas Press Club of America hereby presents The President's Award to Donald Woods.

Matt Bassity

CLASS 1: HAL BOYLE AWARD FOR BEST DAILY NEWSPAPER OR WIRE SERVICE REPORTING FROM ABROAD

Robert C. Toth/The Los Angeles Times For his coverage of the Soviet Union

Robert C. Toth reported from Moscow from 1974 until his expulsion in 1977 on trumped-up charges of "collection of information of a secret character." He won the award for his spot-news coverage, particularly that concerning dissidence in the Soviet Union, and the illuminating series on the U.S.S.R. that he wrote after his return to the United States.

Toth is now a reporter in the *Times'* Washington bureau, covering science. He has also served as the newspaper's London correspondent (1966-70), State Department correspondent (1970-72), and White House correspondent (1972-74); he has also reported on the Supreme Court. Previous to his joining the *Times*, Toth was a reporter for the *Providence Journal*, the New



York Herald-Tribune and The New York Times.

In addition to this award, Toth has received a Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship, Columbia University, 1955, and a Niemann Fellowship, Harvard University, 1960-61.

The judges: Henry C. Cassidy, Rosalind Massow, Ralph Salazar.

CITATION

Harold Piper/The Baltimore Sun For distinguished reporting on the Soviet Union

CLASS 2: BOB CONSIDINE AWARD FOR BEST DAILY NEWSPAPER OR WIRE SERVICE INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Jim Hoagland/The Washington Post For his series on South Africa

Jim Hoagland received the award for his brilliant analysis of racial conflict in South Africa in an eight-part series, "Black Power vs. White Power."

Hoagland joined the *Post* in 1966, after studying in France and working as a copy editor on the *New York Times International Edition*. He served as the *Post's* Paris correspondent from 1975 until last year, when he left to travel through South Africa; he then returned to Washington in October and joined the *Post's* national news staff.

Hoagland has been awarded a Pulitzer Prize for international reporting, and was a Ford Foundation Fellow at the Advanced International Reporting Program, Columbia University, in 1968-69.

The judges: Henry C. Cassidy, Rosalind Massow, Ralph Salazar.



CITATION

Michael Goldsmith/ Associated Press For "Four Weeks of Hell," the story of his 30-day imprisonment in the Central African Empire CLASS 3: ROBERT CAPA GOLD MEDAL FOR BEST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORTING OR INTERPRETATION FROM ABROAD REQUIRING EXCEPTIONAL COURAGE AND ENTERPRISE

Eddie Adams/Associated Press For "The Boat of No Smiles"

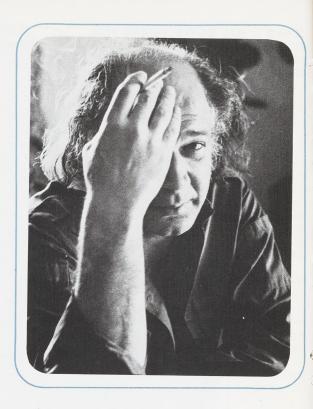
In November 1976, Eddie Adams left *Time* Magazine to rejoin AP as a special correspondent, the first photographer to be so designated. This gives him the world as his territory and the responsibility to originate many of his assignments.

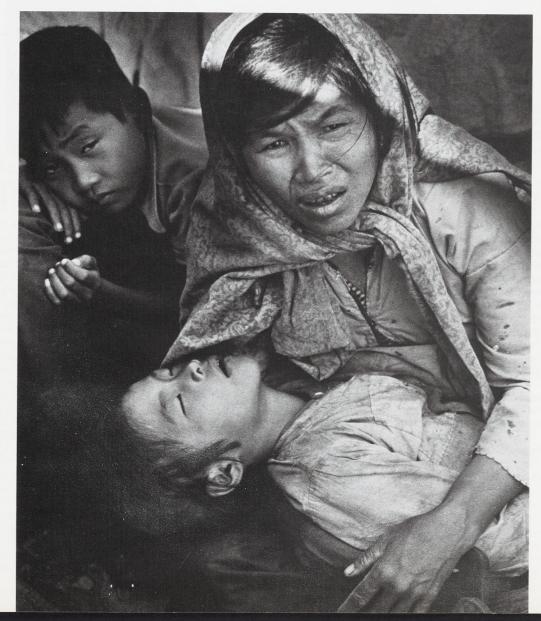
He heard about the "boat people"—refugees trying to escape from Viet Nam in a variety of small boats—from a friend who said no photographer had been aboard these boats. Eddie persuaded AP to send him on the long journey to try to cover this uncertain and risky story.

He succeeded in getting aboard one of the refugee boats, but was ordered off by the authorities before he was able to spend the time he had intended.

Adams' story received wide coverage in the newspapers at a time when Congress was considering increasing the number of Viet Nam immigrants who would be permitted to enter this country. A considerable increase was subsequently approved.

The judges: Barrett Gallagher, Charles E. Rotkin, Francis Brennan, John Durniak, John G. Morris, Arthur Rothstein.





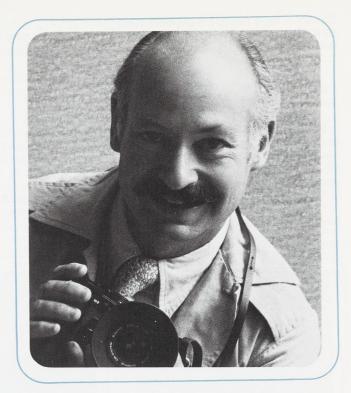
CLASS 4: BEST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORTING FROM ABROAD

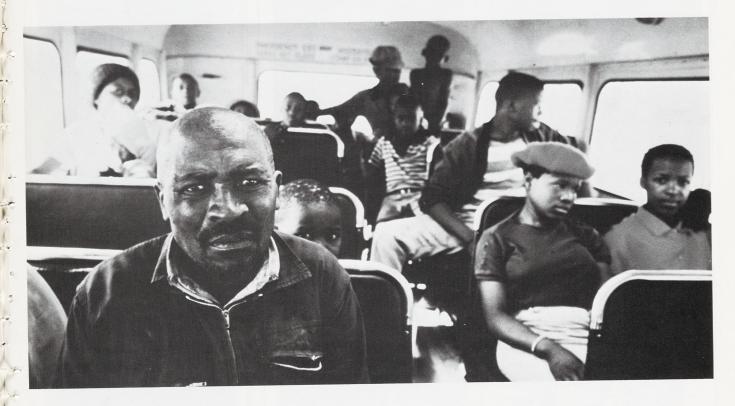
James P. Blair/National Geographic Society For "South Africa's Lonely Ordeal"

Jim Blair reversed the usual job sequence when he switched from motion pictures to still photography. After graduation from the Institute of Design of I.T.T. in Chicago, he joined the staff of TV station WIIC-NBC in Pittsburgh, in 1958. Leaving to freelance as a still photographer, he covered assignments for *Time, Life* and the *National Geographic*, and joined the staff of the latter in 1962. Blair has covered stories on Eastern European countries (Czechoslavakia, Yugoslavia, and Poland) and reported on many cities (Rotterdam, London, and Washington, D.C.).

His most recent *National Geographic* article (June, 1977) was on South Africa and is the winner of this award. This story led to Blair's appointment as a Poynter Fellow for one of the Yale Seminars in Modern Journalism in November, 1977.

The judges: Barrett Gallagher, Charles E. Rotkin, Francis Brennan, John Durniak, John G. Morris, Arthur Rothstein.





Kent Kobersteen/Minneapolis Tribune For photographic coverage of Cuba Today

CITATION

Dean Conger/National Geographic Society For "Journey Across Russia: The Soviet Union Today"

CLASS 5: BEN GRAUER AWARD FOR BEST RADIO SPOT-NEWS REPORT-ING FROM ABROAD

CBS News For Coverage of Sadat in Israel

From the dramatic clarity of the copy to the imaginative use of actualities, CBS News captured the meaning and impact of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's historic visit to Israel in November 1977. This is an impressive example of coordinated coverage of news as it happens.

Following are members of the team that won the award:

*Reid Collins, a CBS News Correspondent since 1965, currently based in New York;

*Tom Fenton, a reporter in the CBS Bureau in Paris since June 1977;

*Christopher Glenn, a CBS News reporter since 1971, now serving the network as correspondent and anchorman;

*Mike Lee, a member of the CBS London Bureau since June, 1977;

*Bob McNamara, a CBS correspondent since October, 1975;

*Bert Quint, a CBS Rome correspondent since 1970;

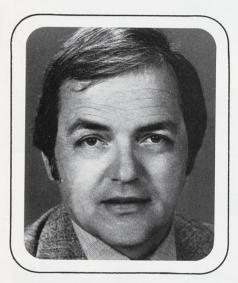
*John Sheahan, a CBS Mideast correspondent, based in Cairo, since 1975:

*Bob Simon, a reporter with the CBS Tel Aviv bureau since July, 1977;

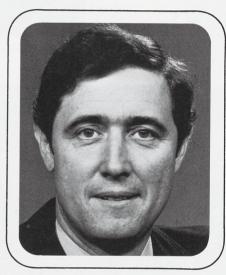
*Doug Tunnell, a reporter with CBS' Beirut bureau;

*Bruno Wassertheil (no photo available), a CBS stringer in Tel Aviv.

The judges: Howard L. Kany, A. L. Seton, Edward Wakin



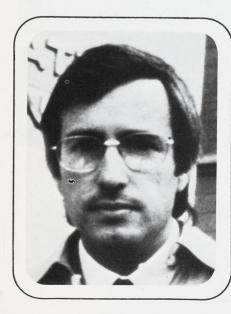
Reid Collins



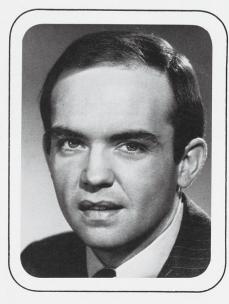
Tom Fenton



Christopher Glenn



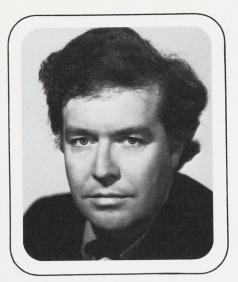
Mike Lee



Bob McNamara



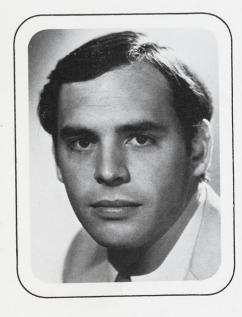
Bert Quint



John Sheahan



Bob Simon



Doug Tunnell

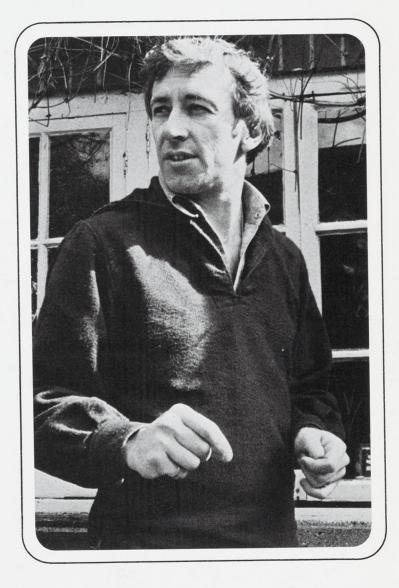
CLASS 6: LOWELL THOMAS AWARD FOR BEST RADIO INTERPRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Clark Todd/NBC Radio Network News For "Euro-Communism: A Quiet Revolution"

Todd fully exploited his topic's potential for radio treatment, in a blend of actualities and interpretation that provided a vivid exploration of a developing story; interest was never lost, nor sacrificed to substance. Clark Todd won the award as an NBC producer-writer-correspon-

Clark Todd won the award as an NBC producer-writer-correspondent. He joined NBC in 1975 and during the past three years has covered the Lebanese Civil War and SALT talks in Moscow, as well as Mideast developments at the end of 1977. In 1978, Todd joined the international news magazine *Events*, London, as senior correspondent.

The judges: Howard L. Kany, A. L. Seton, Edward Wakin



CLASS 7: BEST TV SPOT NEWS REPORTING FROM ABROAD





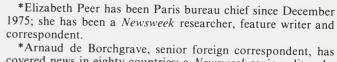
CLASS 9: MARY HEMINGWAY AWARD FOR BEST MAGAZINE RE-PORTING FROM ABROAD

Newsweek

For its coverage of Ethiopia-Somalia

The award is presented to Newsweek's correspondents James Pringle, Elizabeth Peer, Arnaud de Borchgrave and Kim Willenson for the courageous reporting that went into these first-hand accounts of fighting in Ogaden in the fall of 1977. Especially commendable is the vivid "Blood & Bullets" story by Elizabeth Peer in the September 5 issue of Newsday.

*James Pringle, has been *Newsweek* Nairobi Bureau Chief since December, 1975; he joined *Newsweek* in 1974 as Buenos Aires bureau chief.



*Arnaud de Borchgrave, senior foreign correspondent, has covered news in eighty countries; a *Newsweek* senior editor, he has won two previous OPC Awards.

*Kim Willenson, an associate editor for Newsweek's International Section, specializes in writing on military affairs.

The judges: Grace Naismith, Jean Baer, Meyer Lurie, Sam Summerlin.



James Pringle



Elizabeth Peer



Arnaud de Borchgrave



Kim Willenson

CITATION

Tad Szulc/Playboy magazine

For "A Very Quiet Terror," the story of Chile's ex-Foreign Minister Orlando Letelier's incarceration in Chilean subarctic concentration camps; told before Letelier's assassination in Washington.

CLASS 10: BEST MAGAZINE INTER-PRETATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Joseph B. Treaster/The Atlantic Monthly For "Twilight in White Rhodesia"

Joseph B. Treaster received the award for his well-balanced, sympathetic and extremely knowledgeable report of blacks and whites in a changing Rhodesia.

Treaster has been a reporter for *The New York Times* for more than twelve years; for almost five of these years he was based in Saigon, covering Southeast Asia.

The judges: Grace Naismith, Jean Baer, Meyer Lurie, Sam Summerlin.



CITATION

Meg Greenfield/ Newsweek For a selection of witty, imaginative and refreshing columns.

CLASS 12: BEST BUSINESS NEWS REPORTING FROM ABROAD

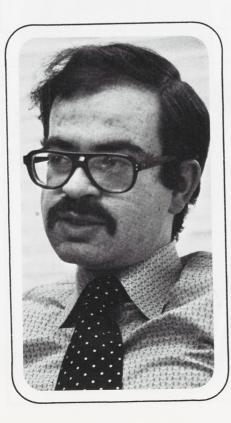
Cary Reich/Institutional Investor For "Credit Suisse After Chiasso"

The scandal at the Chiasso branch of Credit Suisse was a major financial story, and one of the most complex in years; the fact that it intimately concerned the private affairs of the close-mouthed Swiss bankers made it particularly difficult to report. Cary Reich skillfully pried out the facts, secured insights from the Swiss banking fraternity and told a clear, very readable story of what happened and why, and of how the debacle is changing Swiss banking.

Reich is assistant managing editor for Institutional Investor's International Edition.

He joined the Wall Street Letter as associate editor in 1973 and later was named managing editor. In September 1976 he joined Institutional Investor, an affiliated publication of the Wall Street Letter, as a senior editor.

The judges: Newton Fulbright, George Bookman, Al Wall.

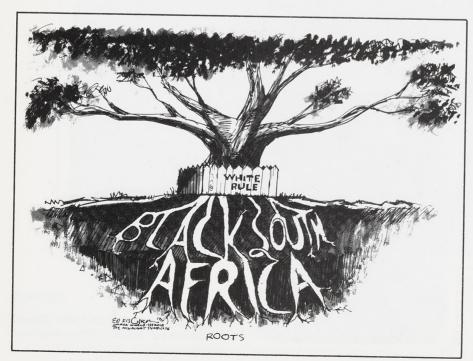


CITATION

Philip Revzin/The Wall Street Journal For "Chemical Fallout" effects on a small Italian town.

CLASS 11: BEST CARTOON ON FOR-EIGN AFFAIRS (\$150 stipend from the New York Daily News)







Ed Fischer/Omaha World-Herald For two cartoons, "Roots" and "Junkie"

Ed Fischer won the award for the incisiveness, journalistic insight, symbolic invention and graphic power of his editorial cartoons.

He has been at the *Omaha World-Herald* for six years; previously he was an editorial cartoonist for the *Minneapolis Star* and *Tulsa Tribune*.

Fischer's cartoons have been reprinted in *Time* and *U.S. News and World Report*, and have also appeared in *World Book* and *Americana* encyclopedias.

He has received awards from the National Foundation for Highway Safety, U.S. Industrial Council and the Freedoms Foundation.

The judges: Burne Hogarth, Jerry Robinson

CITATION

Dwane Powell/Raleigh News and Observer For "Arab Bloc"

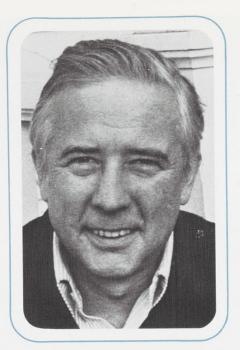
CLASS 13: CORNELIUS RYAN AWARD FOR BEST BOOK ON FOR-EIGN AFFAIRS

David McCullough/Simon and Schuster For "The Path Between the Seas"

David McCullough won the award for his work that dramatically chronicles the epic construction of the Panama Canal from 1870 through 1914. Certain to be the definitive work on the subject for years to come, it is not only an account of man's greatest engineering feat, but also a story of revolution, American expansion and the conquest of yellow fever. Included is material from numerous hitherto-undiscovered sources in Paris, Washington, the Canal Zone and Bogota.

McCullough is also the author of *The Johnstown Flood* and *The Great Bridge*.

The judges: Anita Diamant Berke, Hallie Burnett, Kenneth Giniger, Alex Liepa, Grace Shaw, Carol Smith.



CLASS 14: MADELINE DANE ROSS AWARD FOR INTERNATIONAL RE-PORTING IN ANY MEDIUM WHICH DEMONSTRATES A CONCERN FOR HUMANITY (\$400 stipend)

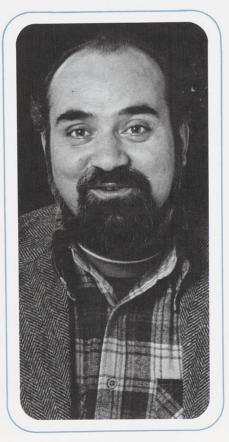
Reza Baraheni/Penthouse magazine For "The Shah's Torture Chambers"

Reza Baraheni received the award for the description of his imprisonment in Iran. His article presented evidence that a friendly power failed to live up to humanrights ideals enunciated by President Carter.

Baraheni holds a Ph.D. in English literature from the Faculty of Letters, University of Istanbul. For thirteen years he was a professor of English and Persian literatures at the University of Tehran. He is presently a professor of creative writing at the University of Maryland.

Baraheni has published 28 books in Persian, and two in English: *The Crowned Cannibals* and *God's Shadow*, a collection of his prison poems. He is a member of the American section of PEN. An account of his prison experiences has appeared in Amnesty International's magazine *Matchbox*.

The judges: Julia Edwards, Marguerite Cartwright, Larry Stessin.



CITATION

Garrick Utley and John Dancy/NBC TV News For "The Struggle for Freedom," reviewing Helsinki Agreement results

AWARDS RECIPIENTS: PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

Donald Woods: James P. Blair Eddie Adams: Bill Pierce Bert Quint: CBS News Photo Barbara Walters: ABC-TV James Pringle: Bernard Gotfryd Kim Willenson: Robert Mc Elory David Mc Cullough: Rosalee Mc Cullough



How Can A Sportswriter Avoid Being A Fan?

mostly, by not even trying

By Roy Blount Jr.

In the old days of Ring Lardner and Grantland Rice, sportswriters didn't go down into the dressing rooms and badger players with questions like, "where was that pitch, Clint? Out over the plate?," or "Well, if you do feel like one of the boys, why don't your teammates think you feel like one of the boys?"

Sportswriters were more like critics then, sitting up in the pressbox reviewing the games, occasionally tossing into their copy snatches of original verse. They would ride trains with players and get to know them, but when Babe Ruth came running through the smoking car pursued by a woman with a knife, they wouldn't report it, even to the conductor.

To some extent, that situation has changed. Players today are assiduously debriefed as they sit slumped on their clubhouse stools, scribes seldom indulge in verse (some players do, unfortunately), and if a player were to be chased by a knife-wielding woman past several competing reporters, one of them, being afraid one of the others might, would probably get into print some oblique mention of the incident, especially if the player was in a slump.

Often it is out-of-town reporters who report embarrassing things about players. The story about the Los Angeles Dodgers' resenting their own Steve Garvey because he was "too perfect," for example, was broken by a Washington Post reporter.

Those of us who usually write sports for magazines will come into a town and be filled in by the local writers on wonderful unreported stories about local players. I heard the other day, third hand, that one baseball star has three wives, has his meal money doled out to him daily instead of weekly because he spends it as soon as he gets it, and recently worked out some problems with one of his wives by engaging in a demolition derby with her, he in his Mercedes and she in hers, in the stadium

I've never seen any part of that story in print. I think sportswriters sit on a lot of stories because they enjoy gossiping more than they do writing. Hey, they're human.

It's a strange relationship that exists

between players and sportswriters. In the pressbox, the scribe is ascendant, and caustic. "If Scott gets any fatter, Christ, they'll have to mount him on a platform out there." A marginal pro-football player I know once watched a game from the pressbox, because he was injured, and he came away shaking his head. "Those guys are mean," he said. In the locker room, though, the player is on top, and may cultivate the air of a homecoming queen plagued by horny wimps.

Shuttling as he does back and forth between these two frames of reference, it is little wonder that the sportswriter has at least as hazy a sense of objectivity as any other journalist. But that isn't the half of it. On the road, the Presidential press corps travels in a large pack, and is kept at a distance. The press corps travelling with a sports team is a much smaller pack, perched upon the much larger pack formed by the team and attendants; the sport press has all the access to the big pack it is "covering" that a clove has to a baking ham.

A reporter who writes something scathing about a player will have to ride on planes and buses with that player and his friends the next day, and try to get him and his friends to answer questions more than monosyllabically while they are peeling off their knickers after having just been shellacked by their opponents and reamed out by their coach or manager.

If Woodward and Bernstein had rubbed shoulders as closely with the Nixon team and family while digging into their crimes, would Watergate have been cracked more readily? Or not at all?

Another consideration: as a Pittsburgh reporter told me a couple of years ago, as he sat on the story that Steeler quarterback Terry Hanratty was playing with agonizingly broken ribs, "Football is not the Vietnam War." I was writing a book, and sitting on all the stories I possibly could until it came out, so I faced no dilemma; but this newspaper guy was holding out on his readers.

If he wrote the story, opposing team tacklers were going to be trying to drive Hanratty's ribs into his lungs. And the

Steelers' chances to make it to the Super Bowl might be hurt and the reporter's readers wouldn't like that. He wouldn't like it either. He wanted to go to a Super Bowl knowing a team involved, so he could outdo the nation's leading sportswriters. Should he impede a potential national championship story, and cause pain to a quarterback who was a good guy and a good source, for the sake of exposing a coverup which was probably a service to the community his paper served?

Of course General Westmoreland might have made the same argument on behalf of ignoring flaws in the search-and-destroy program. But football is not the Vietnam War. It's a game, and it's played not by supposed public servants but mostly by vulnerable young or fading rednecks and blacks and hyphenated Americans who are trying to play their way out of two kinds of fear and drudgery: the kind they grew up with and the kind they have to submit to in order to play.

You may make wisecracks about the players from the pressbox and your questions may be crumbled by their glares in the dressing room, but it is hard to regard them the way a reporter should regard politicians and bureaucrats. So sportswriters—like the guys who sit out in the bleachers—play a cynical-fan role more than an adversary-critic role.

Also, I think a sportswriter never ceases to look at players, be they wise ones or foolish ones, as the big kids he couldn't imagine ever being as good as when he was a little kid. Maybe they wouldn't even talk to him when he was a little kid; but now they have to, at least sort of.

Football and other pro sports are a business too, of course. In fact, nearly all the real news-scores aside-in sports is business news. But who goes into sportswriting because he is interested in business?

Personally I am interested in sports because of the characters in it. And-I'm sorry, sue me if you think it'll do any good-I root for the team with the best characters on them. That's why I don't bet on games: I might find myself betting against some team whose star has three wives and at least two crumpled Mercedes. ■ 39



SPOOKS IN THE NEWSROOM

relations between the central intelligence agency and the american news media present difficult challenges to both parties. recent revelations show that, on frequent occasions in the past, neither side has handled these challenges especially well.

By Ken Cummins and Lois Romano

In the spring of 1973, journalist Robert Schaplen, writing for *The New Yorker* from South Vietnam, was handed bogus information by CIA officials in Saigon which showed that the North Vietnamese were setting up new missile sites and equipping air fields around Khe Sanh. The decision to leak this fabricated information had been authorized by CIA officials in Washington, and was part of a concerted campaign to convey the false impression that the Viet Cong was preparing to engage in a full-fledged air war with the South Vietnamese.

During that spring, the Nixon administration had been seeking justification for an increase in the bombing of Laos and Cambodia, and a resumption of air raids over the North. Congress was debating Pentagon requests for increased military aid, and two staff member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were in South Vietnam attempting independently to assess the military situation.

Frank Snepp, a senior analyst in the Central Intelligence Agency's Saigon post at the time, recalls that he was ordered to prepare maps for reporters which ostensibly demonstrated that the Viet Cong was preparing for an air war. The maps, Snepp told us, used statistics and information that "came out of thin air."

"We handed out misinformation from time to time in order to underscore the need for additional military aid," said Snepp, author of the recent book, *Decent Interval* which is critical of the Agency's handling of the evacuation of Vietnam. "This information was so highly technical and of such a nature that no reporter could crosscheck it."

When reporters sought to verify the information with other American officials in

Vietnam, usually members of the diplomatic corps, they were often fed corroborating information planted by the CIA. "They[reporters] thought they were getting independent corroboration, but they were again getting our echo," Snepp added.

This incident vividly illustrates the sensitive and difficult problem which reporters encounter in dealing with intelligence agencies. While their role as journalists requires them to solicit and maintain access to upper-and lower-level CIA officials, this position of access exposes newsmen to the risk of manipulation and corruption by an agency bent on molding foreign and domestic opinion to support American foreign-policy objectives. And in a crisis situation such as a war, when access to these sources is most vital, reporters sometimes find it impossible to verify sensitive information.

"Anytime a reporter has access to a CIA situation, the CIA is in a position to tailor information to suit its needs and to suit U.S. policy," said Snepp, who was responsible for press relations during part of his five years in the Agency's Saigon post. "And that reporter is going to be used."

Recent revelations by the press and by Congressional investigative and oversight committees have shown that, over the past thirty years, perhaps as many as 400 American journalists have been called upon to carry out assignments for the CIA. These newsmen, approximately one-fourth of whom were reported to have been salaried intelligence operatives, performed such tasks as disseminating CIA propaganda, debriefing themselves to CIA officers and even serving as message-carriers to foreign spies and CIA personnel in other countries. In a couple of instances, reporters were actually involved in recruiting agents for

the CIA.

This figure of 400 reporters—only a small portion of the thousands of American correspondents serving abroad during the last three decades—does not include the large number of journalists who routinely exchanged information with CIA personnel as part of their news-gathering function.

Investigations by the media into its own past excursions into the murky world of espionage revealed that editors and executives of many of this country's most prestigious and powerful news organizationsincluding CBS, The New York Times and Time and Newsweek magazines-have shared information and staff members with the Agency, and have allowed agents to pose overseas as reporters for their organizations. In addition, according to an exhaustive three-part examination of the subject by The New York Times, the CIA at one time had as many as 800 "propaganda assets," mostly foreign journalists who often wrote what the CIA dictated.

While the Agency last November adopted regulations barring any future contractual arrangements with American reporters, paid or unpaid, it still reserved the right to enter into such agreements with foreign journalists. The problem this continued relationship with foreign journalists poses is, as reports of previous abuses have shown, that much of the misinformation which the CIA has planted in foreign publications has been picked up and reprinted in this country. The Agency refers to this as "blowback," and considers it an inevitable consequence of its propaganda efforts.

The extent of the CIA's use of the media was first disclosed in the 1976 final report of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, chaired by Senator Frank Church, D-Idaho. But the report's nine-page section

dealing with the CIA's manipulation of the media was left deliberately vague at the insistence of then-CIA Director William Colby; still, the report did state that the Agency continued to maintain close relationships with some fifty working journalists. Eight months after the Church committee's final report, CIA officials announced that all such covert relationships with reporters had been severed.

In January of this year, the Oversight Subcommittee of the House Select Committee on Intelligence began probing into the Agency's vast thirty-year program to influence and shape foreign public opinion through the use of the media. Despite the CIA's claims that most of its propaganda efforts were aimed at foreign-based journalists, one witness before the subcommittee, Morton Halperin, a former staff member of the National Security Council who now directs the Center for National Security Studies, cited four recent and "deliberate" attempts to mold American public opinion through manipulation of American journalists:

• A 1967 program to discredit critics of the Warren Commission report on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

• An effort in 1970 to portray then-President Salvador Allende as a threat to a free press in Chile.

• Exploitation of the 1976 assassination of Richard Welch, the CIA station chief in Greece, by falsely blaming Welch's death on his disclosure as an agent by the American magazine, *Counterspy*.

• An effort last fall to discredit Elias B. Demetracopoulos, a Greek journalist based in the U.S. who has been a severe critic of the CIA; false information concerning Demetracopoulos's past activities was provided by the Agency to New York Times reporter David Binder.

The House subcommittee is currently gathering information and testimony for its final report, which will also contain recommended guidelines concerning future relationships between the CIA and the press. However, no legislation regulating the CIA's access to the media is expected in Congress this year.

Editors and reporters testifying before the subcommittee opposed putting any restrictions on the Agency's dealings with the media, beyond barring the CIA from entering into contractual arrangements with newsmen. But Herman Nickel, former correspondent for *Time* and now an editor at Fortune magazine, expressed concern that the CIA's reluctance to end its relationship with foreign-based journalists—including freelance American journalists working overseas, a group which has constituted the bulk of the Agency's media resources—will cast suspicion on all American newsmen working abroad.

The CIA's previous use and abuse of the press falls into three general categories:

• CIA agents posing as reporters and news organizations willing to provide cover to agents.

The lengthy New York Times series disclosed that the Agency has at various times owned or subsidized more than fifty newspapers, news services, radio stations, periodicals and other means of communications, most of them overseas, and which were used to broadcast propaganda and provide cover for CIA operatives.

Another dozen foreign-based news organizations were infiltrated by paid CIA agents, the *Times* series revealed. In addition, *Times* reporters John Crewdson and Joseph Treaster discovered that over the past three decades, at least a dozen full-time CIA employees have worked overseas as reporters for American-owned news organizations.

Former Washington Post reporter Carl Bernstein, writing in Rolling Stone magazine last October, quoted an unnamed CIA source as alleging that, between 1950 and 1966, the Times had provided cover for at least ten CIA people as part of a top-level decision by the newspaper to cooperate with the Agency. Times editors and executives say that they have uncovered nothing to substantiate the charge.

News organizations cited in recent reports as having provided operational cover to CIA agents, knowingly and unknowingly, include: CBS, NBC and ABC television networks; AP and UPI news services; Time and Newsweek magazines; The New York Times, Copley newspapers, the Louisville Courier-Journal, the Miami Herald, Hearst newspapers, Scripps-Howard newspapers, the Mutual Broadcasting System; and the old Saturday Evening Post and New York Herald Tribune.

Present and former Agency officials have said that the CIA founded or subsidized "proprietary" newspapers in Rome, Athens, Rangoon, Okinawa, Tokyo, Bangkok and Manila which served the dual purpose of providing cover for agents operating in those countries and disseminating CIA propaganda. In addition to its newspapers, the Agency founded and supported a large number of periodicals, foreign press services and broadcast facilities in Europe, Central and Latin America, Cuba, Africa, France, India, West Germany and South Vietnam.

Since its creation in 1947, the CIA has succeeded in getting into print approximately 250 English-language books which it either financed or produced. In many cases, the publishers, who included some of the most prominent American publishing houses, were unaware of the Agency's involvement in the writing of these books.

• Correspondents employed by legitimate news organizations who were also hired for covert work by the CIA.

Estimates on the number of reporters salaried by the CIA over the past three decades range from thirty to as many as 100 or more. This group of moonlighting reporters consisted largely of free-lancers and overseas stringers for American news organizations.

• Reporters, columnists and corre-

spondents counted as "friendly assets" by the Agency; they could be relied upon to publish information and propaganda for the CIA, and were willing to share their information with CIA officers.

This group included some of the biggest names in journalism: syndicated columnists Joseph Alsop and his brother, the late Stewart Alsop; *New York Times* columnist C. L. Sulzburger; Hal Hendrix, a former reporter for the *Miami News*, and Jeremiah O'Leary, who covered Latin America for *The Washington Star*.

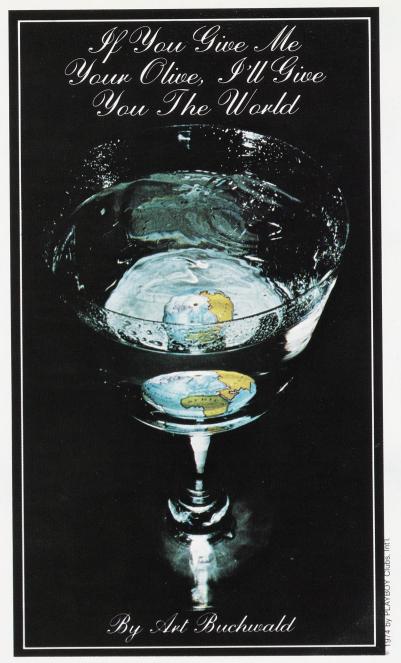
O'Leary said his cooperation with the CIA never went beyond the normal giveand-take that goes on between reporters and their sources, and that the CIA officers in a foreign country can be the most valuable sources of information to a reporter. It's useful to be friendly to them," O'Leary told Bernstein.

Conditions and perceptions of the government have changed over the past 25 years, and reporters in today's climate are more suspicious of dealings with CIA personnel. But Agency officials maintain that, during the 1950s and '60s, journalists were much more willing to cooperate. In 1953, for example, Joseph Alsop was asked by the CIA to go to the Phillipines to cover an election, because the Agency thought his reporting would have a calming influence on the tense situation. "The notion that a newspaperman doesn't have a duty to his country is perfect balls," Bernstein quoted Alsop as saying. Present Agency officials say they would be reluctant to approach a reporter with such a request today.

While the first two categories of the CIA's manipulation of the press are outright violations of journalistic ethics, this third category is the most troublesome to reporters. Their success as journalists on foreign assignment depends on maintaining friendly relations with officials of the American government stationed abroad; and this friendship often demands the exchange of information.

Hence, the thin line between trading information with a CIA officer and being used by the CIA is a precarious highwire that reporters must walk. A skillful intelligence officer can pressure a newsman to produce valuable information for trade simply by withholding or diminishing the quality of information the officer has been providing the newsman.

Journalists have proved to be productive tools in the Agency's intelligence-gathering efforts, and the temptation to use journalists will persist—despite the CIA's recent restrictions. There is no useful way of regulating this relationship between CIA and the press without reducing access and impeding the flow of news. The pressure is ultimately on individual reporters to be more wary of the pitfalls inherent in the give-and-take.



in washington, there is the republican party, the democratic party and the cocktail party. here's one reporter who knows which one produces the most important news.

Over since I came to Washington, I've been reading the society pages with interest. The Washington society pages are different from any others in the world, and most people turn to them before they read the front pages. The reason for this is that the hard news about world events is oftentimes buried in paragraphs devoted to embassy receptions, official dinners, and Georgetown cocktail parties.

This is how a typical Washington society-page story might sound:

"The Russians threw a wonderful party at their embassy last night to celebrate the arrival of the Bolshoi Ballet. In the receiving line was First Secretary Karnonsky who, with his lovely wife, Zina, greeted the guests. Zina told me she was sorry that the Ambassador couldn't be there, but he had been called over to the White House for important conferences with the President. When I asked Zina where the Ambassador's wife was, she replied, 'She's packing the Ambassador's bag for a trip to Cuba.'

"I was very disappointed, as I enjoy talking to the Ambassador so much. But despite their absence, the table was loaded with caviar and smoked sturgeon and there was a lovely centerpiece of flowers, which were arranged to look like a backfire bomber. Zina can do such wonders with her flowers.

"In the main salon I met General Werick Jablonsky, the handsome Polish military attache, and his beautiful wife, Minka. Werick was telling some funny stories about Mogadishu, and when I asked him if he thought Russia would arm the Somalies again, he handed me a glass of champagne and said, 'It's quite possible.'

Minka was wearing a stunning blue dress and a blue shawl with a hat to match. She always seems to have a nice word for everybody.

"I met Mrs. Sita Tandjung, wife of the Indonesian Minister for Economic Affairs, who said her husband could not be there as he was being held hostage by South Moluccan students. Mrs. Tandjung was wearing an Indian sari of gold threads interwoven with pink and she looked quite striking.

"I was about to ask her how she was doing with her househunting when Colonel Singh of the Indian Military Mission and his wife greeted me. I hadn't seen them since Rosalynn Carter's visit to New Delhi. The Singhs made me promise to come to a dinner party they were giving for Prime Minister Desai, who was coming on a secret mission to see President Carter.

"General and Mrs. Birch of the British Embassy, told me it looked as though Britain would soon solve the crisis in the Horn of Africa. But what I really wanted to know was where Mrs. Birch got her beautiful beaded bag. 'That,' she said, 'is a military secret.'

"Charley Graham, of the Bureau of Stand-

ards, told me about a new drug which would cure the common cold, but I only listened with half an ear as I was so taken with Flora Graham's hair-do. It was a bouffant behind the ears with a daring flip. When Flora is with Charley, no one pays any attention to what he has to say.

"Major Ali Reza, of Iran, told me an amusing story about the Shah. He also revealed that he was being relieved to take over a squadron of F-16s and I was sorry to hear it as Major Reza is so well liked in Washington circles, and supports all the charities in town.

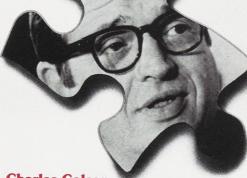
"It was a wonderful party and would probably have gone on all night if someone hadn't shot the Bengonian Charge d'Affairs. I had to go off to the Swedish Embassy for a smorgasbord dinner, so I never did find out who did it."



White House counsel, had access to the workings of the Watergate coverup; performance as Senate's Deep Throat showed experience.



Associate director of the FBI, was upset at the way FBI was being abused and misled by White House; savvy political counterpuncher.



Charles Colson

Special Counsel to the President, was privy to the dirtiest of White House tricks; could protect Nixon by blaming key aides for Watergate.



Robert Finch

Ex-HEW Secretary at Watergate time, remained close to Nixon and to the press; also known to loathe the Haldeman-Ehrlichman circle.



Nixon attorney and political fund-raiser, was forced into the role of White House bagman; anxious to protect his friend, the President.

Herbert Kalmbach



Fred Fielding

Assistant White House counsel, had access to Dean; was tapped as H. R. Haldeman's Deep Throat nominee, in The Ends of Power.



obert F. Bennett

Head of Mullen Company p.r. firm, had ties to the Plumbers, CIA, and Hughes organization; favorite of CIA-did-it conspiratorialists.



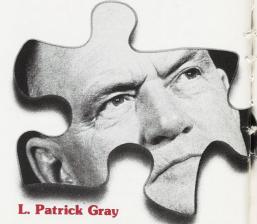
Leonard Garment

White House counsel, was a close friend and advisor to Nixon and John Mitchell; one of the most liberal of the top Administration people.





White House political strategist, was plugged into many of those involved in the crime and cover-up; knew value of good press relations.



Acting director of the FBI, was treated as an errand boy by the White House inner-guard; anxious to salvage his reputation and honor.

THE DEEP-THROAT PUZZLE

With the publication of their book, All The President's Men, author-reporters Robert Woodward and Carl Bernstein introduced into the culture the most famous news source of our time, a key informant with a shrouded identity and a code-name taken from a porno film. Now, four years after the book's appearance, the name persists and the shroud remains in place. At left are the men who have been most frequently put forth—entirely unwittingly—as leading candidates for the Watergate mystery figure. Will the real Deep Throat please open wide and say "ah."



Round Pegs In Red Square

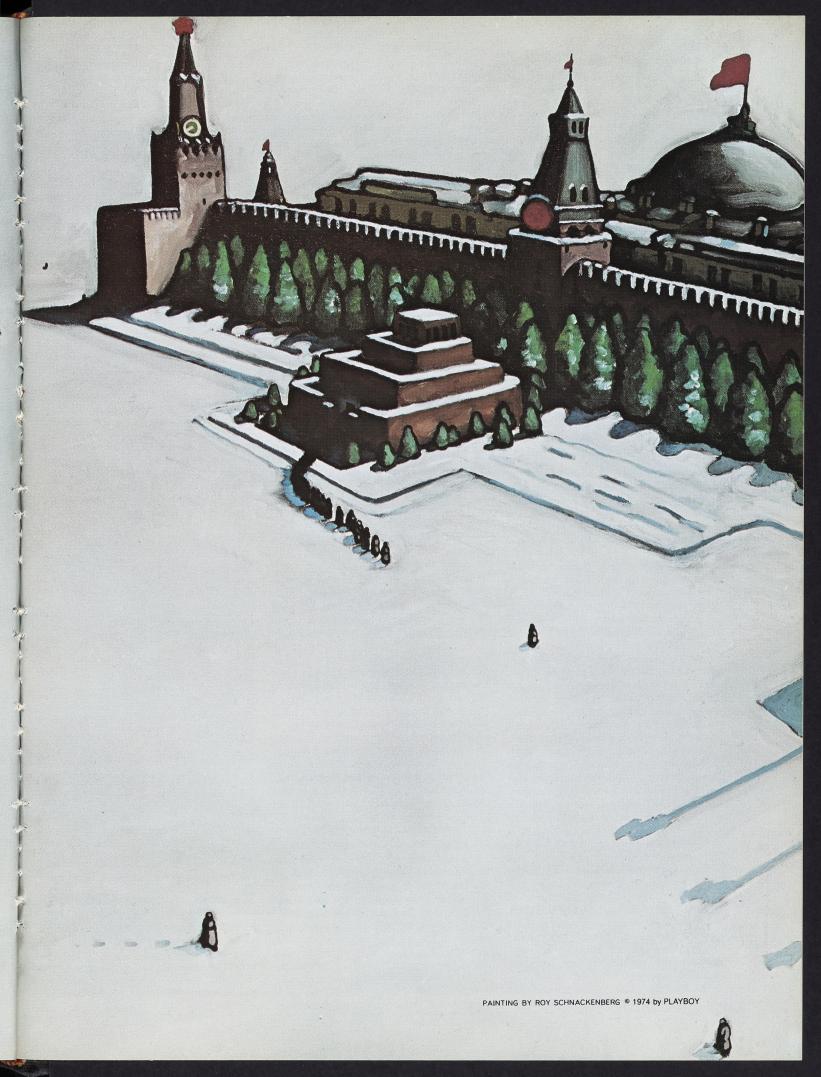
By Anthony Astrachan

for the foreign correspondent in moscow, there is this dilemma: are the soviet dissidents to be treated as sources, as friends or as political allies?

Dissenters in the Soviet Union are a tiny minority. They are disunited, sometimes to the point of conflict. They have no access to mass media. They are typical of no Soviet nationality or social grouping and do not touch the daily lives of ordinary people. They have virtually no chance of bringing about any major change in the tightly policed Soviet system in the foreseeable future.

Those words were the lead of a takout on the Soviet dissident movement that I wrote in December 1970 while Moscow correspondent for The Washington Post. They are still true. It is also true now, as it was then, that the Soviet authorities rage at dissent. Active dissidents are arrested and sent to prison camps or insane asylums. The less active and the more prestigious lose privileges and jobs. In the past five years, some dissidents—those whom Westerners might consider the lucky ones -have been allowed to or forced to emigrate along with more than 100,000 Jews and a few thousand ethnic Germans, most of whom took no active role in dissent before they applied for exit visas.

The reasons for the Kremlin's rage are also the reasons that the dissidents are a



significant story in Western press coverage of the Soviet Union. Intellectually, the mere existence of dissent challenges the omnipotence and omniscience of Soviet ideology; politically, the dissidents may not be able to bring about change themselves, but they keep the possibility of change alive. Some future leader might heed their call for the rule of law and for open, free discussion. Some ordinary man might hear it and turn from passive discontent to active disaffection. One of the



Soviet dissident Vladimir Bukovsky

most impressive things about the dissident "movement"—never more than a few hundred activists divided into a dozen ideological, ethnic and religious groups—is the way new leaders keep appearing as previous generations go east to Siberia or west to exile.

The dissidents have already brought about small but significant changes. One is the steady trickle of information. Many believe that Stalinist secrecy made possible the Stalin terror, which imprisoned and killed millions of people. They think that by publicizing every Soviet violation of human rights, they help to make a return to terror impossible. This is both a philosophical principle and a matter of personal pragmatism: it has often turned out that people whose names are known abroad get less than the maximum punishment when the authorities crack down on them.

So the dissidents tell Western correspondents the facts which they have been able to confirm, and the statements of belief or protest which they want to convey to their Soviet fellow citizens and to the world. Not every fact or statement is worth a news story, but when something does have value, it is usually picked up from the Western wire service or newspaper that carries it and broadcast back to the Soviet Union in Russian and other Soviet languages by Radio Liberty, the Voice of America, the BBC and Deutsche Welte. The number of people who listen to these media has increased in recent years as the Soviets have relaxed jamming of most Western radio stations, with the exception of Radio Liberty.

The dissidents also played a significant role in opening up emigration from the

Soviet Union which, though many times larger than it was ten years ago, is still hardly free. And they have had an effect on Soviet foreign policy by providing the information for humanitarian appeals from abroad, both from Western Communist parties (which forced the Soviets to commute the death sentences passed on the Leningrad hijackers in 1971) and from government chiefs like President Carter, whose human rights pronouncements are a pain in the ear to the men in the Kremlin.

There are, however, other reasons besides the major political ones why Western correspondents in Moscow like to do dissident stories.

The struggle of an individual like Vladimir Bukovsky against the power of a totalitarian system is simple and dramatic and meets American standards of hard news. Such a struggle is easier to write about and sometimes easier to "sell" to the editors at the other end of 5,000 miles of radioteletype than analyses of Kremlin politics and Soviet foreign policy, or in-depth reporting on industry, education, health or housing. (Bukovsky was sent to psychiatric hospitals in 1963 and 1965 and to prison in 1967 for political protests. When he came out of prison in 1970 he revealed the political abuse of Soviet psychiatry, for which he was given another seven-year prison term in 1971. He was released and flown to the West in December 1976 in a swap for the imprisoned Chilean communist leader, Luis Corvalan-another change in Kremlin behavior that was stimulated by the flow of dissident information abroad.)

The Soviet authorities discourage resident correspondents from meeting ordinary Russians and from doing firsthand reporting into the complex subjects that we must cover to do our jobs properly. In recent years they have been quicker to arrange interviews with Moscow officials and guided tours of major projects like the Baikal-Amur Mainline railway than they were when I was in Moscow, but they still prefer foreign journalists to do most of their reporting by reading between the constipated lines of Pravda and Izvestia. Dissidents like Bukovsky often are the only Russians in whose homes Western correspondents feel welcome and they are also the best sources we have for insights that depart from the official line on difficult, non-dissident subjects. We sympathize with their devotion to the idea of free speech and sometimes we become their friends.

I'm not surprised, therefore, when remembrances of dissidents turn up high on my list of the things that made Moscow one of the high points in my career, the things that make it one of the most challenging assignments any foreign correspondent can have. I was drinking with five other old Moscow hands in Munich the other night and it turned out we all felt the same way. We worry about the way dissidents and correspondents use each other, but it's not entirely different from

the way White House or City Hall dissidents and reporters use each other. We worry about the possibility that our sympathies with the dissidents might have compromised our objectivity, and then usually decide that there was no compromise once we recall the stories we wrote about Soviet achievements and the reports we made on the small size and relative ineffectiveness of the dissident movement.

Ir

In fact, only one-eighth of all the stories I wrote during two years in Moscow were about dissidents, Jews, Christian believers, repressed minority groups, frustrated scientists and other unhappy people. I know the figure because I took a count after Soviet ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin came to lunch with *The Washington Post* management in 1970 and opened the conversation by pulling a list of my "objectionable" stories out of his pocket and suggesting to the editors that I was writing too many such pieces. I never did find out what Soviet officials would have been considered enough. Probably zero stories.

I was once called in to the press department of the Soviet foreign ministry and given an official reprimand for a story that said the majority of Soviet Jews disapproved of the violence that the Jewish Defense League was committing against Soviet diplomats in New York in 1970. I thought the authorities might like that story, but the word "majority" implied that a minority of Soviet Jews approved of the



Los Angeles Times reporter Robert Toth

JDL tactics, and this caused the Kremlin to lose its temper.

Sometimes the dissidents drew us into games of cops and robbers. One gray January afternoon, I was in a car with three other journalists that was followed by three different KGB cars as we made repeated circuits of one neighborhood, waiting for Bukovsky to appear on a street

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corner and hop into the car to tell us about the latest arrests and trials. Once one of the cars came around a corner ahead of us and tracked us in the opposite direction, we knew that the secret police had planted a homing beeper on our car. We made notes of the follow-cars' license numbers-Per Egil Hegge published them in his Norwegian newspapers, which reinforced the authorities' decision to expel him for his contacts with Alexander Solzhenitzynand joked about our importance in deserving so much attention. It was an even bigger joke the night the KGB duo following me ran (literally) into the KGB team following Bukovsky and got into a nasty dispute, with many typical Russian references to one another's mothers, before they found out they were on the same side.

It wasn't so funny the night I went to meet a friend—a freethinker but not a dissident—and he was grabbed and I was roughed up by thugs who had obviously been placed at our rendezvous in Pushkin Square as a result of my indiscreetly arranging the meeting over my tapped office telephone. Nor was it amusing a few nights later, when Jim Peipert of the Associated Press was assaulted and Bukovsky was badly beaten at a midnight meeting on Kalinin Prospect, Moscow's equivalent of Fifth Avenue.

Nor did Bob Toth of The Los Angeles Times find anything to laugh about when the KGB framed him last year on a charge of soliciting "secret" information by setting up a streetcorner rendezvous with a Soviet parapsychology buff, who gave him what appeared to be typed samizdat documents. The KGB held Toth in the Lubyanka for 14 hours and interrogated him extensively, before U.S. government protests forced them to settle for Toth's expulsion from the Soviet Union. It was a new twist in the rules for handling foreign correspondents, which previously extended only to harassment, denial of travel privileges inside the Soviet Union, expulsion, and —once—questioning correspondents as witnesses in the prosecution of dissidents.

Sometimes the insights which the dissidents gave us were not at all political or concerned with human rights. Zhores Medvedev, a geneticist who then believed in reforming the system to a purer form of communism rather than overthrowing it, told me that one reason the Soviets lagged behind the West in the biological science was that they were unable to manufacture hundreds of chemicals in tiny, high-quality amounts because their industry was geared to mass production. Meanwhile, dropouts in Kiev and Tbilisi, passive dissenters rather than active dissidents, told us all about Soviet trade in marijuana and hashish.

Sometimes the dissidents' insights were unintentional. One night when Bukovsky was late for our midnight rendezvous in the small park in front of the Bolshoi theater, I discovered while waiting that

there really are homosexuals in the Soviet Union. The park, Sverdlovsk Square, is a favorite cruising spot, and three different men tried to pick me up; any one of them might have been a KGB provocateur, but they all seemed bewildered by my polite refusals—what was I there for if I wasn't interested in them?

Another night my wife and I learned that there can be moments of charm even in a communal apartment, where five families live in as many rooms and share one kitchen and bath. Gyusel Amalrik, whose husband Andrei was then in prison, prepared a three-course dinner which she kept warm over chafing dishes. She created a Greenwich Village ambiance and a better meal than we had ever eaten in any Moscow restaurant.

Of course, many memories of Moscow have nothing to do with dissidents: The tears in Leonid Brezhnev's eyes when the band played the *Internationale* at the

that was better than Franny and Zooey.

Some moments were not human, but animal. My wife tried to mate our Lakeland terrier with a Soviet female and discovered that neither she nor the Russian woman who owned the other dog had the technical vocabulary in each other's languages to overcome our terrier's diffidence. I encountered an elk one November in a forest fifteen minutes from the center of Moscow; he chewed placidly at bushes, ignoring weekend woodsmen and foreign dogs, socialist or imperialist—in the face of all, he was still an elk.

But sometimes moments of charm that had no dissident aspect when they occurred, can be remembered only through a dissident-flavored mist. My first memory of Mstislav Rostropovich was his moving in organic union with his cello, sweating and grimacing as he played with the Chamber Orchestra of the Moscow Conservatory, where he taught. The com-



Soviet dissidents Viktor Krasin (left) amd Pyotir I. Yakier (right)

close of the 24th Communist Party Congress; the shouting match between a Chinese correspondent and Soviet spokesman Leonid Zamyatin that shattered the somnolence of an official press conference; the way all the Western correspondents, myself included, failed to ask incisive questions when Alexei Kosygin held the first press conference by a premier in ten years, to protest Nixon's invasion of Cambodia (we just couldn't believe we could really ask unscreened questions from the floor).

Those were moments central to a reporter's function; others were nonpolitical, simply human. A girl in an English class at the University of Tbilisi asked if it were true that J.D. Salinger had married Svetlana Alliluyeva, Stalin's daughter. They had read Salinger officially and Svetlana unofficially (her father, after all, was a local boy who made good). It was only a week before Miss Alliluyeva married architect Wesley Peters, but she and Salinger made a combination to my mind,

munion between him and the first cellist, a girl who was obviously a favorite student of his, combined exacting knowledge, exciting talent and innocent wonder in an extraordinary moment. But the dozen ovations he received before he started playing, and the rain of flowers afterward, testified to the audience's admiration not only for his music but for his courage in publicly defending Solzhenitsyn.

Now the Soviets have stripped Rostropovich of his citizenship and he cannot go home. The Kremlin has given one of the world's great musicians the same label as Zhores Medvedev, who used to be a sort of loyal oppositionist; Valery Chalidze, a legalist who wants the Soviets to live up to their own constitution; General Pyotr Gigorenko, who has been a dissident hero since the 1960s, and Solzhenitsyn, the novelist and moral voice who will not let the Kremlin forget Bolshevik history.

Old Moscow hands find it hard to escape the remembrance of dissidents past.

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RELAX. PLYMOUTH HORIZON CAN HANDLE IT.

MAFIA

(continued from page 24) locker full of money so he could pay me back the five hundred. All he needed was enough to make bail and get to the locker. His old lady? Oh, he split from her long ago. But wait'll I heard about this story.

After he finally stopped for breath I asked, "Are you finished, Bobby?" When he said he was, I told him where he could put his story and then hung up. It made me feel a little better about the five hundred, but not much. Now I follow the no-pay policy to the letter, no matter how sad the circumstances.

Another *Times* policy that makes my job somewhat tougher than it would be on another publication is the Rosenthal dictum that a *Times* reporter can never represent himself as being someone other than he is—in other words, he can't go undercover. This is to protect the *Times* from charges of entrapment.

Before I worked at the *Times*, I worked for several other organizations where this policy wasn't in effect, including the Associated Press, *The Wall Street Journal* and a Boston daily. In Boston I took a job as an attendant in a state-run mental hospital for children and wrote a series about the incrediby bad conditions there, which ultimately got some state laws changed.

At *The Wall Street Journal*, I talked the editors into letting me pose as a Greek shipowner and compulsive gambler to join a mob-run gambling junket to overseas casinos. As one of a plane full of high rol-

lers (another junketeer was an assistant district attorney from Brooklyn), I paid \$1000 for the trip. When we arrived, we'd get \$1000 back in non-exchangeable chips in the casinos, as well as a week of hotel accommodations and food.

I played the role to the hilt and the two guys running the junket—who were connected with Angelo Bruno, Philadelphia Mafia boss—took a shine to me. Nearly every night I got an invitation to a private orgy in their suite. They'd phone downstairs and describe the call girls on hand, all of whom were said to be eager to provide whatever sexual services anyone could dream up. But I knew that one of the two hosts was, by reputation, a sadist who liked to end an evening by beating a girl to a pulp. I could see the headlines: WALL STREET JOURNAL REPORTER ARRESTED IN KINKY SEX ORGY.

So every night I'd do a good imitation of a compulsive gambler who couldn't pull himself away from the tables: "Sure, Charley. I'll be right up after a few more hands." I lost every cent of the thousand that the *Journal* staked me to, but I got the story. Oh well.

But here at the *Times*, such an escapade would be impossible. I have to own up to being Gage of the *Times*, or I'm breaking the rules. This posed a particular problem about six years ago when a source came to me with an invitation to spend a day with him at Xaviera Hollander's brothel.

Now this was in the days before the Happy Hooker had turned her talents to writing, and I had very little idea who Xaviera Hollander was. But I did know that she was somehow involved with the Knapp Commission's investigations of police corruption, allegedly because she had been paying off the police to leave her brothel alone.

Xaviera was at that time concerned that her establishment's phones were tapped, and my source, Teddy Rattner, happened to be an expert wiretapper. Xaviera and her business associate, a man named Larry and known as "The Silver Fox" because of his shock of white hair, had approached Teddy to check out their phones for bugs. What Xaviera didn't know was that Teddy was then helping the Knapp Commission with *its* electronic surveillance; so, when he went into Xaviera's place, supposedly to clean out the bugs, Teddy actually planned to put bugs *in*. He invited me to come along and pose as his assistant.

His invitation presented a number of delicate problems for me. It was a golden opportunity to learn more about Xaviera's operations, but I couldn't, under *Times* rules, pose as Rattner's assistant de-bugger. If I were challenged as to what I was doing there, I had to come out with the truth. Teddy and I mulled it over and worked out the following plan: if anybody asked any questions, I'd keep my mouth shut and try to look like I knew one end of a splicer from another, while Teddy would say, "Oh, he's with me," which, after all, was the truth.

When Teddy and I arrived at the two-bedroom pad on East 55th Street, the only occupants were the Silver Fox and two bleary-eyed women dressed in transparent night gowns, lounging around with that vacuous, almost emaciated look whores have in the early morning. (Or so I'm told.) In the living room there were a glass-topped bar and a glass-topped coffee table, and underneath the glass of each were dozens of photos of Xaviera in the nude and in action—generally making love to herself, but sometimes with another woman or a man or both.

The Silver Fox led us into a bedroom where we found a large bed with a circular mirror above it, a balcony furnished with a plastic kid's-type swimming pool, and about twenty photo albums featuring more pictures of Xaviera. In the closet where the telephone wiring was located, we also found an impressive collection of whips, dildoes and other equipment. The Silver Fox left us alone, and while Teddy worked, I paged through the albums. The only photo that showed Xaviera with clothes on was a shot of her being married in a civil ceremony to a dark-haired man (I later learned she had gone through the motions of a civil ceremony with a post office worker in order to stay in this country, as she was a Dutch citizen). On the back of the photo was her real name: De Vries.

While snooping around, I also came across three black, loose-leaf telephone books crammed with names, telephone (continued on page 54)



It's time for stockholders to take stock of double taxation.

Right now, the U.S. Congress is considering a number of Federal tax reforms – one of which calls for an end to double taxation.

And while everyone has a stake in improving our tax structure, stockholders have a special interest in the double taxation issue.

You see, corporate income that's used to pay dividends is subject to corporate taxes. But the dividends themselves are also subject to personal income taxes. So stockholders in effect pay taxes on money that's already been taxed. And that's patently unfair.

Unfortunately, this burden weighs most heavily on that 40 per cent of the nation's shareholders who are either retired or living on fixed incomes. Relief from double taxation would help offset the direct effect that inflation has on these citizens' incomes.

One way to eliminate double taxation is called the "shareholder credit" plan. If this plan were adopted, you'd determine the tax corporations pay on the earnings from which the dividend is paid—and add that amount back to your dividend

income to reach a "grossed up" dividend figure. Then you'd figure your taxes in the usual way, but you would take a tax credit equal to the adjustment or "gross up." This proposal would offer significant tax savings to most shareholders.

Another, simpler method would be to raise the dividend exclusion from \$100 (\$200 for joint returns) to \$500 or even \$1,000. This would make dividend income tax-free for most small investors.

As you can see, the double taxation issue isn't an easy one to resolve. And the final solution may lie in a proposal that hasn't yet been considered.

Regardless of the solution we adopt, it's important for stockholders to let their views be known. And the time to do it is now.

Let your elected Senators and Representatives in Washington hear your views. It's the only way they can adopt reforms that reflect stockholders' interest in preserving their dividends.

One step ahead of a changing world. **GRACE**

MAFIA

(continued from page 52) numbers, addresses, dates of visits and amounts of money that each customer spent. There were not one or two, but dozens of prominent politicians and businessmen listed there, enough to fill a year's worth of gossip columns. But I wasn't in the gossip business, and who knew if the names were accurate? I left the telephone books where I found them.

Soon after we got started, Xaviera breezed in with her boyfriend, a good-looking Greek. I tried to get her to talk about police pay-offs, but she was very cautious; the Silver Fox, however, was happy to ramble on about the protection money they had paid. All Xaviera wa nted to talk about was finances, investments, the stock market, which customers were behind in paying their bills. I have never seen a women so obsessed with money.

In spite of all the propaganda in her books about carefree sensuality, Xaviera's primary motivation in life is love of the dollar. It's funny, but getting to know her helped me understand Richard Nixon several years later. He also likes power and fame, but what really obsesses him is money, which was the motivation behind everything he did.

When it came time to write about Xaviera and her police payoffs, I was able to detail her operation and also, for the first time, to use her real name. That really hit a nerve, and the same day the story appeared she called me at the *Times*, furious, saying that now her family back in Holland would find out all about her.

Xaviera is a very sharp woman and as we talked, she identified my faint accent as Greek. Hoping to win me over enough so I wouldn't write any more about her, she quickly put her boyfriend on the phone. When he heard me speaking Greek to him, he panicked. Instead of trying to sell me on leaving Xaviera alone, he stammered in rapid-fire Greek, "For God's sake, don't mention my name! I'm not a pimp; I come from a good Greek family! I'm just in this for the money. I have a fiancee back home in Athens. This could ruin me!"

Usually my investigative stories, like the one on Xaviera, depend on a source tipping me off. And a good percentage of the time, that source is a member of the underworld who generally starts off as a nameless voice on the phone. In providing me with the first scraps of information, he will often test my professionalism by mixing inaccurate information in with the truth. If I swallow the falsehoods and print them, he probably won't call me again; but, if I winnow out the truths by cross-checking the information with other sources and leave the inaccuracies out of my article, he'll respect me and continue calling.

Despite their line of work, gangsters expect professional integrity from certain people—the priests they confess to, any reporter they deal with, and certain public

servants. One of my underworld informants who had bribed numerous cops and a couple of judges in his day, was horrified when he read that Spiro Agnew had taken payoffs from contractors. "Hey, Nick," he told me, "to be on the take when you're Vice-President of the United States, that's disgusting!"

If I win a potential informant's confidence and respect by the way I handle information he gives me during several phone calls, he usually will agree to meet me, generally without divulging his name. He may fail to show up for the first couple of meetings, but will be there observing from a distance to see whether or not I'm followed.

Finally, when we succeed in meeting face to face, I'll give him my standard "welcome aboard" speech which I make to all underworld informants: "Don't tell me anything about yourself or your friends, because I'm only human, and it might slip out in a way that would be damaging to you. Don't tell me about a crime that's going to happen, because I would have an obligation to try to stop it."

This caveat puts most people at ease, because the reason they came to me in the first place is that they want to get even with someone, yet they're afraid of betraying themselves. Their primary fear is what might happen to them if their "squealing" became known. This is not an irrational fear in the underworld. Many unmarked limestone graves in vacant lots are filled with mobsters who talked unwisely, and the means of execution are often ingenious. A 350-pound gangster named Willie Jackson was hung up on a meat hook for his loose tongue; it took him three days to die, according to his murderer, Jimmy

The fact is, the sacred law of *omerta* (silence) is one of those rules that everyone breaks sometime or other when it suits his purposes. Even Lucky Luciano, founder of organized crime, once snitched on some of his pals in order to beat a narcotics rap.

Torello.

My intention is to be around and available when anger or a desire for revenge motivates some underworld member to talk. If he gets in touch with me and we make it through the first stages until he meets me face-to-face and reveals his identity, then I christen him with a code name to use when contacting me. I usually pick a Greek word that is in some way descriptive of the man.

This strategy can sometimes backfire, however. Once, during a series of Brooklyn gang wars, when I was working so hard I could hardly remember my own Greek name, I received a call from an informant whom I called "Psari" (Greek for fish.) He wanted to meet me at four that afternoon in the same place we had met several times before. So I punctually showed up at the fish restaurant where I had first laid eyes on him, and there was no one there but some Catholic priests eating scrod. Back at the office that evening I got a call from

an irate informer, who had been waiting for me all afternoon. Only this time I realized I was speaking not with "Psari" but with "Psira" (louse), an informant who had waited for me through two performances of *Fantasex* in a vermin-infested porno movie theater not far from my office.

Movie theaters are especially good places to schedule a rendezvous with a source, because they're so dimly lit. I also like to pick places where the gangsters are unlikely to run into their colleagues, like concert halls, art galleries and the bra and girdle sections of department stores.

Some of my sources are actively recruited by me. Harry "Aspro" (for "white," because of his dramatic prison pallor) is a good example. I knew that Harry, who had been in the slammer for eight years, had been promised by his boss in the Genovese family that his wife and kids would be looked after while he was inside. But the total amount of "help" the family actually received was \$100. Now Harry was on the outside, and very, very mad; but he had to watch himself, because he was on probation and one wrong move would land him back inside.

I found Harry in a decaying fifth floor walkup with the tub in the kitchen. When he opened the door a crack I barged in and started checking the place out—closets, drawers—acting for all the world like a cop. Harry kept protesting that he had done nothing, he was clean, he'd go back to that factory job tomorrow; he just took a day off because he didn't feel good. When I finally told him I was a reporter and not a cop or a parole officer, he collapsed into a chair in relief, then started to get mad.

But I socked it to him: there he had been, cooling it for eight years, while his bosses were outside and what had they done for him? Had they taken care of his family? Had they found him a job when he got out? Did they give a damn about him? Why should he stand up for them after the way they treated him? Now if he told the *Times* what he knew about the Genovese family, I'd personally find him a nice cushy job to satisfy his parole requirements and furthermore, he could get back at those bastards. It took a lot more of the same, but I could see from the start that he'd cave in eventually.

The best way to hook a source is to somehow get him indebted to you—because you found him a job or made a phone call to get his kid into college. It's a funny thing about a Mafioso's sense of honor. Once he's in your debt, he's honor bound to return a favor, so he tries never to become indebted. While no government employee has ever refused to let me pick up the tab for an expensive meal, a Mafioso will almost never let me pay, no matter how much I insist. He'll just palm the check, lay a heavy hand on my shoulder, look straight into my eyes and growl, "Now Nick, you wouldn't want to embar-

(continued on page 56)

"It is one of the few useful things ever invented."

—Mahatma Gandhi, from prison

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Singer.

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he might never have said, "If you can't stand the heat..."

And here's the point: what The Singer Company is and does may be quite different from what you think The Singer Company is and does. Why not question any of these people at our world headquarters at 30 Rockefeller Plaza in New York (212-581-4800):

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MAFIA

(continued from page 54) rass me, would you?" When he puts it that way, how can I refuse?

Sometimes I'm lucky enough to snag a source by getting him indebted to me without his knowing it. The most fortuitous case of this occured when I helped a young woman friend of mine find a job in publishing. She was married and I had no idea what her maiden name was, until some mutual friends started teasing her at a party about her wedding being straight out of The Godfather. Through some discrete inquiries I learned that her father was one of the kingpins of the West Coast Mafia. Sometime later I learned from lawenforcement sources that he was in New York on a working visit. I followed him to a bar where he was drinking alone, sat down beside him and introduced myself. I told him what I had done for his daughter. He snarled, "Okay, I owe you a favor. What d'ya wanna know?"

"Who killed Sam Giancana?" I replied. He leaned back in his chair and let out a singularly mirthless chuckle. "I don't owe you *that* big a favor," he snapped.

I said I'd settle for who killed John Roselli, but he shook his head and I could tell he was starting to get annoyed. He glanced around the half-empty bar and said he wouldn't tell me the names of the hit men, but he'd tell me why and how Roselli was killed. When he was through

with the brief narrative—a gruesome parable about how egotism can lead to a very messy final curtain—the Mafioso fixed me with his most sinister look and, speaking with emphasis, said, "Okay, we're even. Now get outta here. I never want to see you again, so make sure I don't."

I split.

There always comes the time when a story is about to break, that you would give an arm to get a handle on it, but all your sources are either laundering money in Switzerland, buying up governments in the Bahamas or floating in the East River. But you've got to get an informant somewhere. So you try to outwit one. This is what happened to me just before the shooting of Joe Colombo, who was mowed down by a black gunman while he prepared to address a large Italian Unity Day rally in Columbus Circle in 1971.

I guessed that Colombo had fallen from favor with the man who counted—Carlo Gambino, the most powerful Mafia boss in the country and Colombo's one-time mentor. Too many of the top Mafiosi were disturbed at Colombo's publicity-seeking leadership of the Italian-American Civil Rights League, and I suspected that the League's Mafia support at the '71 rally would be considerably less than the previous year when the mob turned out in force for the celebration.

So I called up Anthony Scotto. Scotto was (and still is) head of the largest long-shoreman's local in the country, a vice-

president of the ILA and a major power in political and labor circles. He has also been identified by the F.B.I. as a captain in the Gambino family, an allegation which he has denied. Despite his denial, I figured that Tony could give me a reliable clue as to how Gambino was thinking. Tony is one very smooth operator, and his greeting to me was so enthusiastic that you'd think he sat around all day hoping I'd call.

"Hey Nick! How ya been? How's everything?"

"Great Tony! Listen, I was wondering—since you were a main speaker at last year's Unity Day rally, are you going to speak again this year?"

"Gee, Nick," said Tony, his voice dripping with sincerity and regret, "I'm so busy this year, I'm just not going to be able to fit it in."

"But you're going to be up there on the podium, at least, aren't you, Tony?"

"Well, things have been so hectic, I'm afraid I'm not even going to be able to be there."

"What about the longshoremen, Tony? Last year you gave them all the day off to attend."

"That's right, Nick." Pause. "But to tell you the truth, work has been so scarce lately that we can't afford to give up even one hour of it. No, the men will be working this year."

"Well, thanks anyway, Tony."

"Any time, Nick. It's great hearing

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vour voice."

I had the confirmation I wanted: Carlo Gambino had pulled out his support, and the tower of Colombo's prestige was beginning to topple. And topple it did, in a burst of gunfire. By that time I'd written a piece for the paper suggesting that Gambino had washed his hands of Colombo and predicting the latter's downfall. Which proves that even if you haven't got a sympathetic source where you want one, an unsympathetic one will sometimes do.

But its not often that you can trick someone of the caliber of Tony Scotto, or even reach him. Generally I work at lower levels in the Mafia, with the soldiers or the enforcers. Some of the strongarm men kept around by Mafia members are extremely dangerous to deal with, but they are also not too bright and, treading gingerly, you can get valuable information from them.

Once I wanted to establish that Matty "The Horse" Ianiello owned a gay bar in Greenwich Village. So I went to one of his enforcers and over a beer I mentioned how shocked I was the other night to see Matty coming out of the bar because I never thought he was that way. "He was there because he owns the place," the enforcer told me. "I can assure you Matty is no homo-sapien.'

A lot of people assume that reporting about the secret maneuvers and power struggles of the Mafia might be more hazardous to one's health than, say, chain smoking. "Aren't you afraid of getting shot

for your efforts?," is a question I hear a rough average of 6.2 times per cocktail party. The answer is that, while a shooting is always possible, I'd rather take my chances with the Mafia than with the denizens of Central Park on a warm sum-

It's an added consolation to me that the Mafia, contrary to its lethal depiction in films and best-selling novels, can be remarkably inept when it comes to rub-outs. When I learned about the C.I.A. approaching Mafia leaders Sam Giancana and Johnny Roselli for help in assassinating Fidel Castro, it struck me as tantamount to Christian Barnard asking Dr. Frankenstein to assist him in a heart transplant.

Roselli and Giancana, of course, never landed a scratch on Castro, but years later they both managed to get themselves violently murdered, presumably at the hands of their colleagues. While Mafiosi are quite good at killing one another, their methods are rather unsophisticated and messy. Their favorite ploy is to invite an errant mobster to a sit-down in a private home or a social club, feed him some wine and pasta, and then, when he's not looking, blow his brains out at close range.

Such methods hardly measure up to the sophisticated planning required for a political assassination. Which is why it makes me sleep just a litle less soundly every night knowing that the C.I.A., whom we expect to monitor every move of our enemies,

would think that the Mafia could help get Fidel Castro to a fatal sit-down.

As I understand it, the plan for killing Castro favored by the Mafiosi working on the C.I.A. plots was to get an employee at one of the Premier's favorite restaurants to poison his food. That figures, for, while Mafiosi may be cold-blooded killers, they find it excessively cruel to dispatch an enemy on an empty stomach.

In the Mafia, in fact, food and murder go together like love and marriage. When Lucky Luciano decided to eliminate his boss, Joe Masseria, he had the hit man wait until the portly Masseria had eaten his way through a hefty meal of clams, linguine, lobster and red wine. Sam Giancana died late one night in his own kitchen when someone he knew pumped five bullets into his head and neck; his "friend" watched Sam whip up a late night snack of peppers and hot sausages and allowed Giancana to enjoy some of it, before carrying out his errand. Last May, several members of the Colombo family in Brooklyn took their old friend, Sally Albanese, who had unwisely joined in a conspiracy to overthrow the family boss, to Monte's Restaurant, gave him a fine dinner, put him at ease by telling him all was forgiven, and then took him for that proverbial ride. The other members of the conspiracy have been taking their meals at home ever since.

While dining out at his favorite restaurant may give a Mafioso a fatal dose of (continued on page 58)

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MAFIA

(continued from page 57)

indigestion, Mafia murders do wonders for the restaurants in which they happen. For example, Umberto's Clam House in Manhattan's Little Italy, where Joey Gallo got his, has been doing a business that is the envy of far better restaurants around it ever since the murder five years ago. The owner of one of the area's other restaurants once suggested, only half jokingly, that I tell him the next famous Mafioso most likely to be hit, so he could invite him now and then for dinner on the house.

I frequent most of the restaurants in New York favored by Mafiosi, and even when I find myself enjoying my Clams Casino under the scrutiny of tables full of good fellows, it doesn't affect my digestion. While I know Mafiosi can be primitive and bloody in their methods of execution, they understand the adversary relationship inherent in our professions and bear me no ill will. They understand (or so I keep telling myself) that it's my job to find out about them and their job to keep me from finding out. And as long as everybody stays on his side of the fence, no one gets hot under the collar.

But it's important to maintain a professional distance. If the Mafiosi start to think of you as a pal, they can get very personal about being betrayed. That's what did in *Chicago Tribune* reporter Jake Lingle in 1930, when he got his brains

blown out in a pedestrian tunnel under Michigan Avenue. After his death, other reporters discovered that Jake had been in Al Capone's pocket, which is how he managed to afford an \$18,000 summer home and a habit of losing \$1,000 on a single horse race, all on a reporter's salary of \$65 a week.

That's why I try to avoid after-hours socializing with Mafiosi, unless I think there's a story coming out of it. And that's why, whenever Joey Gallo called up suggesting we go out for a nice dinner somewhere (he was an aficionado of Greek restaurants), I always made some excuse.

Of course, even when you keep your relationships strictly professional, there's always the possibility that you can encounter a hot-tempered gangster who hasn't read the rule book. That's what happened to Victor Reisel, when he had acid thrown in his face and was blinded. But on the whole, the Mafia is a lot more gentlemanly than other crooks, such as unconnected drug dealers, terrorists, or even white collar criminals. They are the ones who worrry me.

When reporter Don Bolles' car exploded in Phoenix, Arizona, mortally wounding him, he managed to get out a few words to the effect that he thought the Mafia had set him up. But he turned out to be wrong—he was killed by white-collar crooks who had very unprofessional ideas about investigative reporters. I'd take a Mafioso over a white-collar embezzler any day.

Often, however, someone calls you anonymously, wanting to set up a meet, and you have no *idea* who's on the other end. That's when I take certain precautions, as illustrated by a recent cloak-and-dagger episode that began when an anonymous voice called me at home on a week-end. (My number is listed, in spite of a certain amount of time wasted on nuisance calls from nuts, because I'd miss too many good tips if people could not get in touch with me day or night.)

My anonymous friend wanted to talk to me about the inside workings of the Colombo gang and other New York crime families. The information he gave me over the phone convinced me that it was worth a fishing expedition, even though he insisted on meeting me outside New York the following day (a Sunday) in the parking lot of the Howard Johnson's at Exit 36 on the Connecticut Turnpike. I said I'd be there and told him to park in the first parking space, or as close to it as he could get.

Then, just in case it was a set-up, I called a friend in law enforcement and told him the make and license of the rented car I'd be driving. I also said I'd try to note the license plate and make of my informant's car, and write these details on a piece of tape which I'd stick under the dashboard of my car. That way, even if my car ended up empty in a ditch somewhere, the police would know where to start looking.

The parking lot was nearly empty when I parked at the opposite end from a green

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1971 Chevrolet with three men in it. When I got out and stood in the middle of the lot, my caller sent an envoy to invite me to talk in their car "where we'd be safe." "That's what they told Jimmy Hoffa," I replied, and we compromised with a sitdown in the restaurant over coffee and Danish.

Although my caller proved to be the real thing—a hood named Joe Black who was on the run from both the law and his colleagues in the Colombo family, who had put out a contract on him—our meet came to nothing. Joe desperately wanted \$5000 for his stories so that he could fade into the sunset; but, although his information would have been worth the money, I knew it was hopeless because of my paper's policy against paying for information. We broke off negotiations and he went to the government, became an informant and was relocated under a new identity.

But a reporter can't always take precautions of the sort I took with Joe Black. What I fear most is stopping a stray bullet in a situation where I'm an almost-innocent bystander observing a supposedly well-planned bust. This almost happened a couple of years ago, in a plush cocktail lounge of the Island Inn in Mineola, Long Island.

I knew the bust was due to come down. (My source was Marvin Nadborn, the underworld informant who was posing for this operation as a rich drug buyer.) So I decided to drop by for a drink. I posted myself at the bar where, by looking in the

mirror, I could watch everyone in the place, including Marvin and his "mule" (really an undercover narc), as they negotiated with the drug seller, a sharply dressed black man. They expected to close the deal and exchange the money and the drugs, then and there. The orchestra was playing just at my elbow and I traded a few joking remarks and small talk with the black drummer, a gregarious type who had been warmly greeted by the drug seller when he came in.

Things were going all right with Marvin, the drug dealer at the negotiating table, I'm told, until the agent posing as the mule panicked. Stupidly (since he was surrounded with about two dozen agents carrying guns) he, too, had packed a gun and, when the drug dealer suggested they adjourn to the men's room in order to frisk each other, the mule-agent got nervous and refused to be frisked. The drug dealer smelled a bust and got up to leave.

At that point agents and guns started coming out of the woodwork. One agent collared the black drummer and shoved him up against the wall so hard I was knocked off my stool. If his gun had gone off, I'd have been right in the line of fire. The drummer's only crime was greeting the drug dealer when he came in

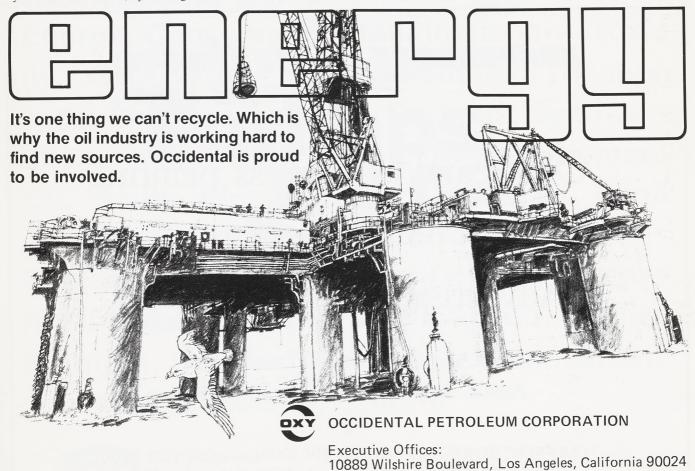
After all the excitement, the police couldn't get a thing on the drug seller; he hadn't taken the money yet and there were no drugs on him. The whole undercover operation went down the tubes because the

seller got wind of the bust before the money changed hands. If I get it from a bullet someday, it's going to be on some botched-up bust like that one. God is an ironist

"If there's a chance that your job can possibly end up killing you, and if you have no power to arrest anybody," people often ask me, "then why do it?" I generally reply by quoting my colleague Bill Lambert about how an investigative reporter must be someone with a low threshold of indignation. Then I mumble something about wanting to accomplish some good—starting a job that law enforcement agencies will finish.

But the truth is, sometimes it works out just the opposite. About three years ago I travelled through South America doing a series of articles on the drug traffic there, exposing some leading government and business figures who were lining their pockets with the fruits of the drug trade. One story said that the Minister of Government in Ecuador, a position equivalent to our Attorney General, was protecting drug dealers and had gone as far as ordering police officials to change evidence against one dealer so that charges would have to be dismissed.

When my story appeared, the minister, a former admiral named Alfredo Poveda Burbano, was dismissed from his post and sent back to the navy. Six months later, Admiral Poveda launched a coup and he is now the President of Ecuador.



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DATELINE INTERVIEW

(continued from page 12)

wouldn't call them and say, "My heart is breaking. Can I talk to you?" This is inspite of the fact that they can—and do—say this to me

DATELINE: Is this what you refer to when you write about how you rose above the "glittering stars," because you encompassed and understood them, and yet remained apart?

BARRETT: I meant by that that I didn't stay in their mold. I rose above them because I recognized their problems and I didn't feel part of their group. I became detached. I never really wanted to be compromised. I've always said, 'How can I be a very good reporter and be objective, if I then have all these people as my friends? I'm going to owe too many favors to too many people." I just don't want to be in that position. I'd love to be but know that I can't be. DATELINE: Given your detached attitude, what's your secret for getting so many good quotes in your celebrity interviews?

BARRETT: I ask the tough questions, but in a different kind of way. You can lay back and know when the right time is to ask *the* question. You can ask hard questions in ways that make the subjects feel very comfortable and think, "I'm going to tell this person the truth." And suddenly they're telling you everything you wanted to know. But when you frighten them by asking the

hard question right away, you may get the answer, but after that they're absolutely *dead;* they don't know what the hell to say after that.

DATELINE: And they'll never talk to you again?

BARRETT: Exactly. But I think you can get the same answer by *not* going for the jugular. When you've warmed the person up enough, when they know that you really care about them, then they're willing to expose themselves and tell you the truth; *then* they feel they have nothing to hide.

DATELINE: Do you ever pay for stories? **BARRETT:** When I was doing my daily broadcast, I paid stringers, legmen. If they came up with stories that I used, I paid them for these stories.

DATELINE: Who were your stringers? **BARRETT:** Reliable newspaper people; reporters working for other periodicals or public relations men looking for money on the side. Some were so-called socialites who hung out at fancy New York night clubs and discos. But I also got a lot of information from cops, agents, houseboys, Wall Street men, attorneys, detectives, studio executives, mayors—even nannies. People get a tremendous thrill out of thinking that they know something about a celebrity. So I become the receptacle, the conduit: Tell Rona and Rona will tell the world.

DATELINE: Have these sources ever given you any blockbusters?

BARRETT: About 99.9 per cent of their

so-called scoops are worthless. Usually the story is about some star being seen going into Fred's Hardware store. I'll say to them, "You're kidding! You really saw Raquel Welch walking into Bonwit Teller's in New York City at 1:40 P.M." "That's right, Miss Rona, I knew you'd want to know." "Gee, thanks a lot," I'd say, and then they say, "Is that worth a thousand dollars?"

DATELINE: People actually think a piece of gossip is worth a thousand dollars?

BARRÉTT: I tell them that I very rarely pay people, but if they have a piece of information that's really a blockbuster story, that I really think is going to make major headlines and will be picked up by thousands of other newspapers or something, then *maybe* the story is worth a hundred dollars.

DATELINE: What percentage of the stories that you've heard—that you could prove—have you suppressed because they butchered a sacred cow or were in poor taste?

BARRETT: I'd probably have to say that, over the years, maybe fifty or sixty percent of what I've heard I've never reported. But when somebody does something in public, then I feel free to use it. When it's done behind closed doors and I'm not there, then I have to use my discretion. For example, if somebody gives a party and 150 people are there, that becomes almost a public party—even though it may be in someone's home and it's private. And if at that party 93 people are snorting coke and other drugs



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and 20 people pass out and one person dies, it then becomes my job to investigate it and report on it.

DATELINE: What if only three people are at a party?

BARRETT: Then one of those three people has to tell me something that went on.

DATELINE: But isn't a three-person party pretty private?

BARRETT: I have a rule that I follow: If someone does something quietly in the privacy of their own home and there's no one else around, but a maid happens to come in and watch them do whatever, then I must evaluate how important it is. Ninetynine percent of the time, I'll avoid these stories. But I find that most people are really self-destructive at times. They are looking to be found out. Very few people know how to accept success, so they look to destroy that success, and they reach that point where they begin to perform these self-destructive activities in public.

DATELINE: Hoping that their carelessness will assuage their guilt over being successful?

BARRETT: Absolutely. If a politician is in a restaurant and takes out a coke box and starts snorting at his private little table—but in a public place—and I had witnesses or saw it myself, you better believe I'd report it.

DATELINE: Even if that politician was a friend of yours?

BARRETT: Yes, I think it's very important for people to know the *entire* picture of the

man who's representing them in Congress, or wherever, because his decision-making process is a total reflection of his whole being, not just one little piece of him. Ninety-nine and nine-tenths of the time you can't separate how a person acts in his private life from his position in his professional life. One is an extension of the other. A man or woman who must constantly have affairs seems to me to be insecure about who they are; it indicates that they might also have to change their opinions all the time—including their opinions on the legislation they're voting on.

DATELINE: What's your opinion of investigative exposes like Woodward and Bernstein's *Final Days?* Do you think they fall into the category of gossip—or even slander—as some critics have alleged?

BARRETT: In the Woodstein case, I think they wrote a pyschological novel, a book about a man's thinking, and I think they did a superb job. I never thought the book was slanderous, and all the journalists who do are full of crap. You know, Carl Sandburg did the same thing with Abraham Lincoln, except that Lincoln was dead when Sandburg wrote his books. He delved into Lincoln's personal life with his wife, talked about Lincoln's irrational—and great moments, and about his thinking about wallpaper and everything. The difference between Sandburg's books and Woodward and Bernstein's is that, with Sandburg, no one was around to refute any of the material.

DATELINE: Why has it taken so long for some of the juicier sexual information about important politicians—like FDR and Jack Kennedy, for example—to surface?

BARRETT: Well, those stories were never new to me. However, during those years there was a kind of unwritten rule in Washington, D.C., that although everyone knew about everyone's private life, you never reported it.

DATELINE: So, why was the rule dropped?

BARRETT: Times change. I guess, somebody started to wonder why these people should remain holier than thou.

DATELINE: Do you think that all these personal revelations about politicians are helping to make gossip more respectable? **BARRETT:** Well, people have called Carl Bernstein a latent Rona Barrett. That's where gossip really is. It's the dissemination of personal news that other people can relate to. That's why the Seventies will be known as the decade of inner evaluation. That's why gossip is now gaining greater respectability—because people really want to know about self and about relating to other people. They see their great gods up there—their presidents, their senators, their congressmen, their favorite movie stars and television personalities, their garbage men, their milkmen—sharing the same experience. It's the old story: misery loves company.

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FOREMAN AFFAIR

(continued from page 16)

delphia Daily News, two floors up from the Inquirer, in the scruffy white tower four blocks from City Hall.

This was 1966, seven years before Laura Foreman hit town and, as they say, a different country. Both the *Inquirer* and the *News* were under Walter Annenberg's heavy paw, law and order were in, peace and love were out, and the papers tried to outdo one another in endearing themselves to police commissioner Frank Rizzo.

Fraternization was the rule: Police reporters were nearly indistinguishable from policemen, my city editor was one of Rizzo's dearest friends, and both papers considered a day lost that didn't feature a picture of the Big Man receiving a medal, dismantling a bomb, or kissing a kid.

Foreman has been quoted—damnably, some think—as saying she was "infatuated with the Rizzo-type personality." I considered myself far to the left of the entire city, but I was a little infatuated, too. There was something engaging about a man who announced he could keep the peace only "if we can violate rights" and who directed his troops into a fracas with the words "Go ahead, men, get their asses." Rizzo gave us enough dinner-table conversation to last for years.

Few reporters did not have a soft spot for Rizzo, no matter what their ideology. And for his henchmen. A friend of mine, a liberal

Daily News writer, told me a story about Cianfrani—how he'd shown up at the 1977 Columbus Day festivities, and someone had suggested that he shouldn't be there what with the indictment and all, and Buddy had said earnestly, "It's Columbus Day. I'm always here for Columbus Day." My friend's fondness was unmistakable.

Sexually, Philadelphia newspapers were too far down on the Richter scale to register a tremor. Years before my arrival, one reporter in a party mood had pulled off her panties and sent them down in the tube to the composing room. This story was still widely bandied about.

No one ever laid a mink coat on me in Philadelphia or anywhere else; but as music critic I did get a few gifts—mostly albums. I felt weird about taking them. "So what's the problem?" my city editor demanded. "You wrote the review already, it's not a bribe, what's the problem?"

The Philadelphia I knew was a town where no one blew the whistle on anyone. But when Annenberg sold to the Knight-Ridder chain in 1970, Knight cleaned the place up—a new day, a new award-winning image for the *Inkie*.

The Bartlett-Steele piece gives a look at what it's like in the *Inquirer* newsroom today—every sniveling, back-biting, paranoid inch of it. Morally incorruptible maybe, but I like my time there better.

Foreman, who had come to the *Inquirer* in 1973, became the paper's first woman political reporter a year later. In mid-1975 the gossip began. Executive editor Gene

Roberts told me, "Laura complained that there were all these rumors going around about her sleeping with politicians, and that they weren't true. We took that as an ongoing denial when the rumors continued, especially as she continued."

It was apparently during the summer of '75 that Foreman and Cianfrani became lovers. The rumors, of course, got louder—so loud that it's impossible not to wonder how the editors missed them, Roberts says, "Now everyone remembers, Then, no one was sure enough to come forward.

"The crazy thing is that if someone had come in and said it's true, I still don't know what I would have done. Tap another reporter and tell him to go out and investigate? As long as I'm on the paper, there's not going to be any kind of moral squad here."

Roberts says he knew definitively about the affair in 1976, by which time the lovers were sharing an apartment and Foreman was covering national, not local, politics. "I didn't see any reason to haul her off that. I see sleeping with subjects as the problem, not sleeping with sources—in that arena, he was a source."

"If it were all to happen again, it would all happen again," he says. "In personal matters reporters operate on an honors system. And if nothing else, this case should show that if you fail to abide by that honors system, you're gonna have problems."

Reporters in Philadelphia—men and women—have mixed feelings about Foreman. Partly because of the situation ("She left a trail of destruction," one says.) Partly, I suspect, because of the woman herself—Southern, good-looking, promoted over several other reporters.

"She didn't have many female friends," says *Inquirer* reporter Mary Walton. "Very tough manner. I was a little afraid of her, and I don't feel much sympathy for her—there was plenty wrong with what she did. She shouldn't have accepted the national political beat. Never in my five years here have I seen or heard anything about a female reporter having an affair with a news source."

Carol Towarnicky, who covered the story for the *Philadelphia Daily News*, says, "I can understand falling in love, and I'd like to be sisterly. But I'm mad at Laura. She's given anyone who wants to make cracks about female reporters ammunition. And gifts up to \$20,000! That's my salary!"

In Washington, where Foreman was neither so well known nor in such direct competition, most women journalists I talked with showed both sorrow and empathy. While many described her gift-laden romance as injudicious, there was nonetheless a strong feeling of there-but-forthe-grace underlying their statements. There was anger, too, but not necessarily toward Foreman.

"I've been yelling and screaming about this thing for weeks," Sally Quinn, the



"Just a reminder to tune in next week, when another prominent Washington wheeler-dealer makes an ass of himself."

Washington Post's best-known reporter, told me. "If I were her, I'd be writing a book so fast, blow the lid off everyone, on the editors who had to know what was happening, just nail everyone to the wall. I think what this has brought to light is the different rules for female journalists, the different problems we're faced with, that men never have."

A few years ago, Quinn antagonized much of the audience at a *More* convention by saying that if a senator were patting her ass and talking non-stop, she didn't know for sure that she'd smack him.

"Everyone jumped on me," Quinn says.
"I was just saying, look, we have problems men don't have. Let's get it out—it's ugly—look at it and talk about it now—before, dammit, someone gets hurt. Well, we didn't and Laura is paying for all of us."

Foreman, from all reports, did not become involved with Cianfrani to get a story—it was a real, if ill-advised, relationship. ("I'm sure he asked her to marry him, sure she considered it," says Wendell Rawls, who was at the *Inquirer* with Foreman.) But the minute the story came out, people began talking about sleeping with sources.

This may have something to do with the fact that most reporters, sometime somewhere, have done something not quite kosher to get a story. In fact, the great unwritten rule of journalism may be You Use What You've Got, Femininity, masculinity, Southern accent, Philly twang.

"You wonder what would happen if you

lifted the rug of other *Times* journalists," says Kandy Stroud, former *Women's Wear Daily* reporter and author of a book on the Carter campaign. "It puts a lot of reporters on alert. If you were to count the number of reporters in this town who've accepted gifts or been influenced in any way over the past 100 years..."

Eleanor Randolph, Washington reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*, told me "Journalists in this town often compromise themselves because they want to be invited to the right parties. Or have their mother's picture taken with Jimmy Carter."

Randolph went to college at Emory University in Atlanta with Foreman and considers her a good friend. "I feel Laura did what she did because she was in love with a man. In a time when we've seen so many do things wrong for professional reasons, in her case it was emotional," Randolph says. "If they start opening up questions about people's personal lives, there's conflict everywhere. People covering the Hill are always screwing people."

Barbara Cohen, national editor at the Washington Star, feels Foreman's activity was "so far outside the gray area that you have to conclude she did the wrong thing—taking the gifts was dumb, getting involved with him. But I also think she was judged more harshly because of being a woman."

The double standard bothers several women. Sally Quinn says, "If a woman was dating Jody Powell and getting good sto-

ries, that would be a fireable offense. If a man was dating Susan Clough, Carter's secretary, that would be fine."

"There must be a lot of male reporters feeling pretty hypocritical talking about this," Randolph says.

Not so you'd notice. Most men I talked to offered token sympathy laced with self-satisfaction. It happens that the Foreman situation does not lend itself easily to reversal, with a man in the leading role. It also happens that most male reporters are more than happy to point this out.

One *Times* man says jauntily, "If I were sleeping with Juanita Krebs, and accepting gifts, and covering commerce—you see how ridiculous it is. There just aren't that many women in power."

Les Whitten, Jack Anderson's longtime associate, wrote a novel called *Conflict of Interest*, which explores a similar situation in reverse. His hero gets deeply involved with the wife of the speaker of the House, whom he is investigating.

"Yeah, yeah, that occurred to me the minute this Foreman thing came up, it's a neat reverse," Whitten says. "Of course, my reporter didn't take any gifts. And anyway, I never did it. My character did it. Would you do it? Well, if you didn't, that means it's wrong, right? I think it's wrong, you think it's wrong, it was wrong."

For most, the situation is not so easy to dispose of. Nina Tottenberg, reporter for National Public Radio, tried. "I cover legal matters, and the rule is if you can decide a

"A Serious Danger..."

SCIENCE AND STATE ORTHODOXY

"MOST LIBERAL THOUGHT has generally held the freedom of scientific inquiry to be an important freedom, and the imposition of state orthodoxy upon science to be a serious danger. It is also generally agreed that invention is best fostered under circumstances of pluralism, market incentives and lively competition, rather than governmental direction and control."

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case on the narrow facts, do it. The narrow issue is the gifts. That was improper.

"I've dated many men casually and don't consider that conflict of interest but when you've crossed that line, you have to take yourself out of it," Tottenberg says. "The man I'm with now—when we decided to see each other exclusively I went to see my bosses and told them. Judy Miller at the *Times* was a Defense expert, but when she got involved with Congressman Les Aspin (a well-known Defense critic), she asked to be taken off the beat. She sacrificed a lot."

Charlie Mohr, a *Times* reporter and friend of Foreman's, is one of the few men (or women) to give Foreman unqualified support. "There are people here who feel some major issue was involved. I think that's a lot of nonsense. Her relationship was no one else's business, including *The New York Times*'s."

"Those who know her say she never twisted a story—Rizzo considers the *Inquirer* his main enemy," Mohr says.

Mohr's opinion was echoed in one other place—South Philadelphia. Cianfrani's turf. The *Daily News* sent a reporter out to interview residents about Buddy's troubles and got this quote, from a 60-year-old grandmother. "This happens every day. You meet somebody who takes a liking to you, what's wrong with him giving you a gift?"

For most of us, it's not so simple. It would be simpler, perhaps, if Foreman's behavior had been calculating, if friends didn't describe her as tough outside, vulnerable underneath—a southern woman who had a great attachment to that region, its writers, its heroes.

"Laura was very into southern culture— Faulkner and all that," *Inquirer* reporter Bob Fowler says. "She was very much part of what we call the Magnolia Mafia. The fur coat, the sports car. Very Zelda Fitzgerald."

Inquirer columnist Dorothy Storck says, "There's an old-world courtliness to Buddy when he's dealing with women. And Laura liked that. She was a southern belle accustomed to courting procedures—acceptance of gifts was part of the mystique."

"People who know Laura well feel she had emotional needs that may have distorted her judgment," says *Inquirer* reporter Mary Walton. "Most of her relationships were with older, married men—father-figure types."

Eleanor Randolph says, "There was something in Laura, always, that courted disaster. Like a lot of writers. To some extent she enjoyed things she knew were dangerous. I've always thought she'd end up writing southern novels, and maybe she will. If she weathers this, I can see her writing books which go straight to the core of things."

The one sure thing about the Foreman affair is its ambiguity. Its meaning is unclear, and the questions it raises are infinitely debatable.

Will the case herald a new era of journalistic morality, or at least circumspection? "Something happened the other day in the newsroom," says Gene Roberts, chuckling. "A woman reporter was talking about this thing, saying how she'd never sleep with a source—and her date showed up. She'd met him on a story. He was a minor figure, but she turned red as a beet. The thing is, who do you meet as a reporter? You meet people in stories—and other reporters."

Which may explain why so many rereporters end up married to—or involved with—reporters. It's not a bad life—I'm married to a reporter—but it obviously can't be everyone's answer.

"I think rules have to be set up," Sally Quinn says. "If you're covering someone you have any kind of relationship with, you've got to tell your editors, you've got to go in and say, I want to be off the story."

And if you're dating one lousy freshman Congressman and covering the entire legislative branch? The arguments go on. If nothing else, the Foreman issue has led to self-examination among journalists, with the self-congratulation that accompanied Woodstein. It can't hurt.

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"I'm climbing the mountain differently, too. Back then, it was always the challenge. How far could we go in a day?

Invariably, we'd complete in four days what we set out to do in a week. Then we'd sit around twiddling our thumbs for three days. Now I take my time and enjoy every minute of the climb. The experience of getting there is more important than reaching the top.

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79% more for their dollar than in Sports Illustrated.

125% more for their dollar than in



"When I give, it's usually 110% of myself. And I get a lot back for it."

The Playboy reader. His lust is for life.

Source: TGI, Spring 1978. Comparison figures based on 4-color page rates. PLAYBOY is a mark of Playboy, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. © 1978, Playboy.